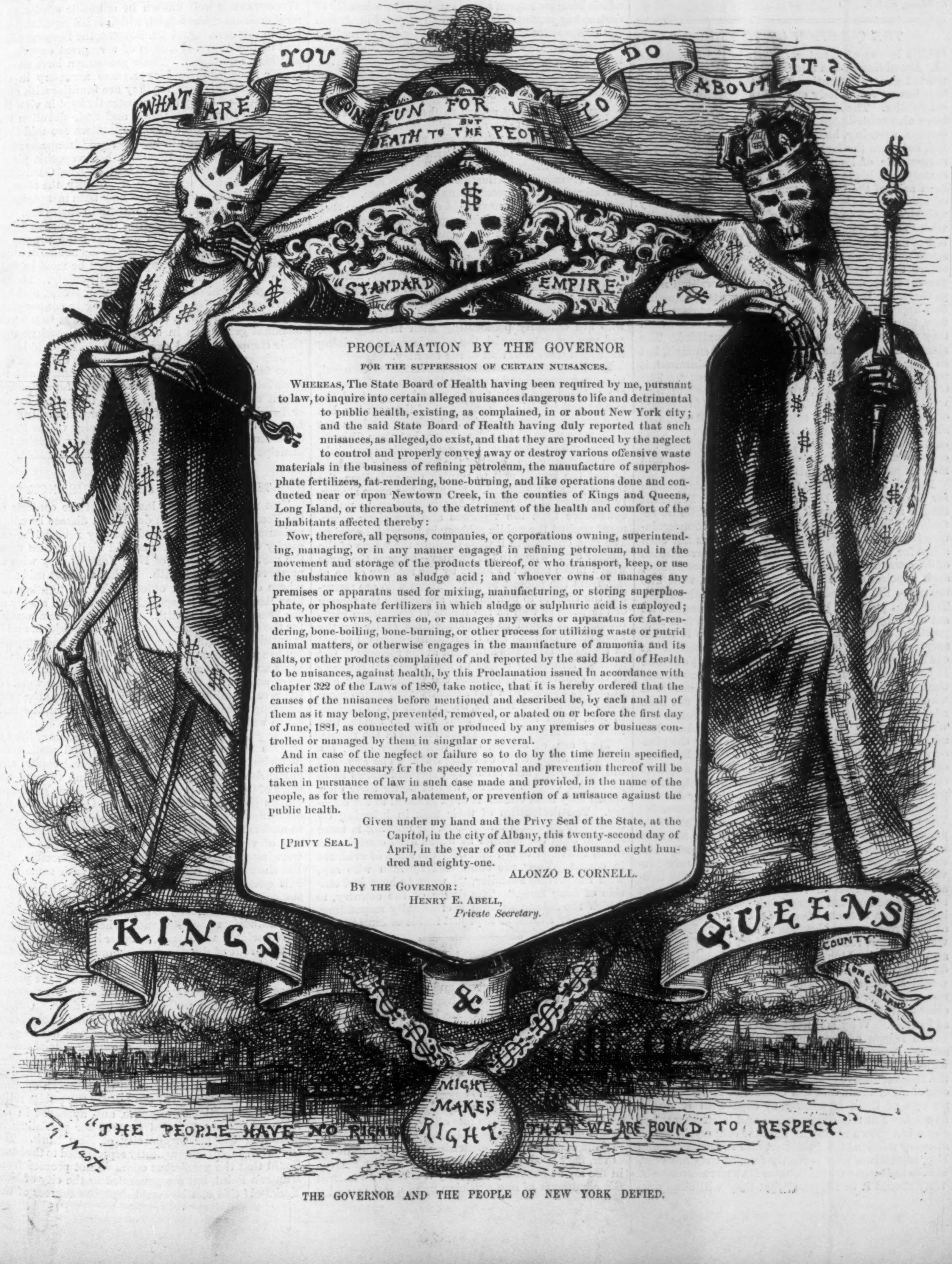
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXV.—No. 1286. FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 13, 1881. TEN CENTS A COPY. $4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Copyright, 1881, by Harper & Brothers.



PROCLAMATION BY THE GOVERNOR

FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF CERTAIN NUISANCES.

WHEREAS, The State Board of Health having been required by me, pursuant to law, to inquire into certain alleged nuisances dangerous to life and detrimental to public health, existing, as complained, in or about New York city; and the said State Board of Health having duly reported that such nuisances, as alleged, do exist, and that they are produced by the neglect to control and properly convey away or destroy various offensive waste materials in the business of refining petroleum, the manufacture of superphosphate fertilizers, fat-rendering, bone-burning, and like operations done and conducted near or upon Newtown Creek, in the counties of Kings and Queens, Long Island, or thereabouts, to the detriment of the health and comfort of the inhabitants affected thereby:

Now, therefore, all persons, companies, or corporations owning, superintending, managing, or in any manner engaged in refining petroleum, and in the movement and storage of the products thereof, or who transport, keep, or use the substance known as sludge acid; and whoever owns or manages any premises or apparatus used for mixing, manufacturing, or storing superphosphate, or phosphate fertilizers in which sludge or sulphuric acid is employed; and whoever owns, carries on, or manages any works or apparatus for fat-rendering, bone-boiling, bone-burning, or other process for utilizing waste or putrid animal matters, or otherwise engages in the manufacture of ammonia and its salts, or other products complained of and reported by the said Board of Health to be nuisances, against health, by this Proclamation issued in accordance with chapter 322 of the Laws of 1880, take notice, that it is hereby ordered that the causes of the nuisances before mentioned and described be, by each and all of them as it may belong, prevented, removed, or abated on or before the first day of June, 1881, as connected with or produced by any premises or business controlled or managed by them in singular or several.

And in case of the neglect or failure so to do by the time herein specified, official action necessary for the speedy removal and prevention thereof will be taken in pursuance of law in such case made and provided, in the name of the people, as for the removal, abatement, or prevention of a nuisance against the public health.

[PRIVY SEAL.] Given under my hand and the Privy Seal of the State, at the Capitol, in the city of Albany, this twenty-second day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one.

ALONZO B. CORNELL.

BY THE GOVERNOR:
HENRY E. ABELL,
Private Secretary.

THE GOVERNOR AND THE PEOPLE OF NEW YORK DEFIED.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, August 13, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 93 of Harper's Young People, *issued August 9, opens with "Picnic Sam," a poem by* Will Carleton, *author of "Farm Ballads," etc., illustrated by* Rogers. *The number also contains interesting articles on "Sea-Weeds, and How to Preserve them," and on "Swimming," both fully illustrated; Chapter II. of "Tim and Tip," illustrated; the second part of* Miss Sarah O. Jewett's *White Mountain story, entitled "A Bit of Foolishness," illustrated; "Jim, the Ferry Boy," a story from Virginia, with a full-page illustration; and much other instructive and entertaining matter.*

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

THE letters of Senator Dawes to the Springfield *Republican* upon administrative reform have attracted general attention, as showing that the question has now definitely entered the domain of practical politics. The Representatives from Massachusetts have also contributed their views to the current discussion, agreeing, however, not upon methods of relief, but upon the fact that relief there must be. The suggestions of Senator Dawes are presented elaborately, and his testimony to the truth of all that has been said of the mischievous absorption of the time of members of Congress by office-brokerage is very valuable. But the suggestion that those who really wish to see a reform should refrain from writing letters of recommendation if members of Congress would agree not to urge appointments unasked, is a fanciful rather than a practical remedy for the evils of the present system. Such letters are often written now, as Governor Long says, because the writers, knowing that appointments are made only upon recommendation, think it to be a duty to recommend those whom they personally know to be peculiarly qualified. The abuses of recommendation are familiar enough, but so long as it is the only ground of appointment, it would be hard to exclude the best testimony. The true remedy obviously would be some course that would make personal influence useless. If members of Congress and their constituents would unite in abandoning the old plan, it would not be very difficult to devise a new one, which would release the constituent from the necessity of recommending, and make it useless for the member to urge.

In both his letters Senator Dawes suggests a course for the President. He proposes that the President should refuse to appoint any applicant while he remains in Washington, or who offers a recommendation from a member of Congress which has not been asked for, and that he should leave to the seven heads of departments the appointment of their subordinates, such appointments to be made, of course, with due regard to the avowed policy of the Administration. This plan proposed by Mr. Dawes would require no act of Congress and no appropriation, and it is supposed by some persons that nothing more is necessary. It is wholly within the Executive control. It could be adopted to-morrow if the President chooses. It could have been adopted by any President at any time during the last fifty years. But since it is wholly at the Executive option, why has it not been adopted? The answer to this question involves the whole question of reform. If any President had adopted it, indeed, it would have been only the pleasure of a man for four years, or as long as he chose during his term, but it would not have been a system outlasting the term of any President. But, we repeat, since it is a mere matter of will, why has no President done what Senator Dawes recommends? The reason is that the abuses and evils of the whole present system are now too strong and too strongly intrenched for the Executive alone to correct. Reform consists in annulling the forces that now prevent the President from taking the course that Senator Dawes suggests. Why does not Senator Dawes refuse to recommend the appointment of any one who brings him a letter? He could do that quite as easily as the President could refuse to appoint. His action would, so far, relieve the President of the pressure, and if every Senator and every Representative would do the same, the abuse of Congressional dictation would be corrected. The duty and ability of Senators and Representatives in the matter are just as clear as those of the President, and their action is just as feasible. Why is it not taken?

The reason of inaction in all these cases is the same. It is that the personal and political influence which surrounds the President and the Senators and the Representatives is so powerful to affect the interests of all of them, and has become so organized, that no one of them is willing to cope with it single-handed. But this organization and intrenchment of abuse has grown up during the half-century, in which at every moment the President and the Senators and Representatives were perfectly free, as they are now, to take the course which Senator Dawes recommends. Why should it be supposed that they will singly attack in its strength the monster which they would not touch in its weakness? When the appointments of which the Senator speaks are made, not by direct or indirect influence, nor by any kind of bargain or coercion, but when every applicant has had a fair chance to prove his qualifications, and the fittest has received the appointment, President, Senators, Representatives, committees, leading citizens, and professional politicians of every degree will be relieved on the one hand of the burden of recommending applicants, and on the other, of estimating the comparative value of recommendations. But while the pressure continues, the President and Congress will not do what Senator Dawes suggests, and there can be no effective change. The pressure can not cease so long as the places in question are filled by patronage or mere personal favor. All roads lead to Rome. The argument for administrative reform always ends in the necessity of destroying personal favoritism in appointment, and the Pendleton bill, recommended by the committee of which Mr. Dawes is a member, is the first long step toward that result.

PUBLIC DUTY WELL DONE.

THE disclosures in regard to the Star Route swindles are such as to show how wide-spread and powerful is the system of fraud which the Administration is pursuing. The peculiar character and extent and influence of these great conspiracies against the National Treasury were illustrated in the Whiskey Ring investigations and prosecutions six years ago. They reach into the most unexpected official quarters; they affect persons of unsuspected reputation; they involve such revelations that the hand of justice is often tempted to relax its hold of the clew. Every kind of influence is brought to bear upon those who conduct the inquiry. Appeals, threats, bribery, flattery, whatever can be supposed to frighten or to tempt, is employed in the work of prevention; and it is the duty of all good citizens to remember that the men who are officially prosecuting such investigations, and preparing to punish the offenders, are not doing their own work, but that of the country.

The Postmaster-General and the Attorney-General, who are exposing and pursuing the Star Route frauds, are entitled not only to the moral support of the honest and intelligent sentiment of the country, but to a strong expression of it. Such expressions not only encourage the public officer, but they discourage the public offender. When the officer is plainly seen to be only the agent of the community, resolved to end the frauds and to punish the swindlers, the task is greatly lightened. Nothing has more strongly commended the present Administration to public confidence than the vigorous and sagacious movement against the public robbery in the postal service. The men engaged in it were stealing the wages of the laborer everywhere in the country—because the taxes which make good the losses by the robbery come at last from the poorest people. Those who are pursuing the thieves to punishment are saving the money of the poor, as well as the honor of republican institutions. It would be a thousandfold easier for the Postmaster-General and the Attorney-General to loll in their official chairs and wink at the robbery. But as they honorably prefer to serve the real interests of the country, to economize the public money, and to make stealing from the Treasury very much more hazardous for the thieves, they ought to be enabled to feel, when they raise their arms to strike, that those arms are strong with the strength of the people.

They are, of course, only doing their duty, but there are many ways of doing duty. The approval universally felt and variously expressed shows these particular officers that the way of doing their duty which they have chosen is most grateful to the country. The difficulties of their task in bringing offenders to justice is understood, for nothing is more skillful than the manner in which such conspiracies evade the letter of law and defy the rules of evidence in courts. They are conducted by men who say, with the private swindler, "I want to keep just outside of Sing Sing." The desire of the country, to which the Administration is effectually responding, is that they should be kept just inside of Sing Sing.

THE PRESIDENT'S PHYSICIANS.

THERE has been a desperate attempt to produce public distrust of the physicians and surgeons who have the care of the President, but happily without success. Lord Sherbrook, formerly Mr. Robert Lowe, lately said in effect, and with characteristic causticity, that ignorant men become no wiser by writing with a "we" in newspapers, and that as the man who must discuss everything can only know a little of anything, he is necessarily a smatterer. It is, of course, not difficult for newspapers to engage specialists to write upon special themes. But specialists are subject to jealousies and prejudices like other men, and an unprincipled or jealous specialist, anonymously or under the editorial "we" criticising the conduct of another, may produce very mischievous results. Even in the art of heavenly harmony it is not safe to trust the comments of one musician upon another, and it has been sometimes thought that the medical faculty are not wholly free from the disturbances of jealousy and personal antipathy.

The confidence of the public in the ability of the gentlemen who have charge of the President must be based upon their general reputation, not upon distant theories and speculations founded upon the reports of correspondents and the brief official bulletins. The professional position of Dr. Agnew and Dr. Hamilton is, in this community at least, unquestionable, and they have fully approved the treatment of the President. Dr. Bliss was distinguished as a surgeon before the war, and during the war he was in charge of the largest hospital in Washington, where his professional ability and success were conceded. Dr. Reyburn was also an army surgeon, and is a physician in large practice and of the best repute. Dr. Woodward is well known in scientific circles as a most eminent microscopist, which is his especial function in this case. And Dr. Barnes, the Surgeon-General of the Army, is a man of very great experience and high reputation. These gentlemen have the peculiar knowledge and experience necessary in the treatment of this case, for they are familiar with gunshot wounds. They have constantly kept in view the possible exposure to malaria, and their devotion has been so constant and absolute that we are told they seem to their friends to have "aged" in appearance. The nurses are Mrs. Edson, a homœopathic physician and the medical attendant of Mrs. Garfield, and her husband, who, with Mr. Crump, the steward of the White House, who has now been incapacitated by malaria, have been unremitting in their care.

The President was suffering from dyspepsia when he was wounded, and this has made the process of nourishment more difficult. As he did not die at once, it seems to have been supposed that he must be well again at once. But he has suffered acutely. He has lost a great deal of flesh, and is very feeble, and his convalescence—for we are unwilling to contemplate any other issue—must be slow. It is due to the professional gentlemen in charge of the President that their competency and exceptional skill should be acknowledged. They have every reason that men can have for perfect good faith with the country, and no plausible reason has yet been suggested for supposing that it would be desirable to intrust the patient to other hands. The issues of life and death are beyond human control, but while the recovery of the President can not be regarded as absolutely certain, the anticipation of that happy result is well founded.

THE HUNTER'S POINT NUISANCE.

THE narrative in our last issue of the contests of the Board of Health with death and disease breeding nuisances about and around the city reveals the necessity of the most constant and vigilant care upon the part of the citizens of New York, if they wish to preserve the public health. What we have said elsewhere of the national officers who are fighting the Star Route frauds is especially true of such a body as the local Board of Health. It is engaged in a conflict for the general welfare, not for its own objects, and it is entitled not only to general sympathy and support, but to a positive expression of it. If by the voice of the press and by private expressions the Board of Health were assured of the interest taken in their work by the great number of citizens who suffer from the pest-breeding establishments at Hunter's Point, the nuisance would soon be abated.

The public has but to look at the pictures of the extensive range of these destructive and pestilential factories, to consider the power of great capital and enterprise intrenched in this way, and to read the story of the effects produced by the noisome gases and vapors generated along Newtown Creek, and of the determined resistance offered to the efforts for relief, to understand the scope of the contest, and the necessity of vigorous and active hostilities. The official warning of the Governor was timely and forcible. He has shown such courage in dealing with some difficult questions that it is surprising that in this instance, so flagrant and so pressing, he should have permitted his authority to be spurned and defied. The law authorizes the Governor, when the State Board have declared a nuisance, to order it to be abated, and in the event of disregard of his order, to require the District Attorney, the Sheriff, and the other officers of the county to abate it. Two months have passed since the date fixed by the Governor for the removal of the pests, and nothing has been done. Official negligence to enforce such orders fosters disobedience of law by showing that disobedience will not be punished, and we trust that the necessary official action will not be delayed much longer.

It will be observed, from the narrative in our last issue, that the Board of Health of Brooklyn opposed at Albany the passage of the bill for the public relief from these perilous nuisances, and appeared in defense of persons indicted in 1878 for persisting in poisoning the air of the city of New York. The Brooklyn Board has earnestly represented to the State Board that the pernicious odors do not proceed from Hunter's Point, but are generated in the city of New York. If this can be established, the sources of the plague in New York should be purified. But this assertion is directly opposed to the conclusion of the careful and thorough investigation by the special committee of the State Board of Health. Our narrative shows that there is certainly no indisposition upon the part of the New York Board to deal with such nuisances in the city, and as there is no question that the vast nest of offensive establishments at Hunter's Point is a great and dangerous nuisance, it is impossible to perceive any public reason which should prevent the Brooklyn Board of Health from co-operating for its removal. If there is any misunderstanding, it should be speedily corrected, for the two cities are equally interested in the preservation of the public health.

QUESTIONABLE PRAISE.

One of the most suggestive of current facts is the complacency with which it is said of a public man, "At least his hands are clean; he has made no money corruptly." When such a remark is supposed to be praise, it reveals a very contemptible standard of public life and character. If a merchant should point out with evident and self-complacent pride a boy in his office as worthy of honor because he brought money from the bank without stealing even a dollar of it, his praise would disclose an extraordinary situation in the office. If it should be proudly and defiantly announced that the Chief Justice of the United States did not take bribes, every honorable citizen would resent the insult offered by the remark to an upright and eminent magistrate.

Is it praise of a judge to say that he does not take bribes? Is it praise of any public man to say that he does not steal, or that he does not sell his vote or his influence for money, or use his place to accumulate a fortune? Is it so much the habit of Senators of the United States to be corrupted with money that it is praise to say of one who retires from that assembly that his hands are clean; that he has not made his place tributary to his pocket; that he is not a thief, or a forger, or a swindler; that he does not pick pockets, and has taken no money but that which is honestly his own? Such a man has a right to be offended with this insinuation that he has been associating with scoundrels, and every newspaper which offers him this extraordinary commendation insults the Senate of the United States. Moreover, it is suspicious to praise a man vehemently for the possession of any one of the virtues which every decent man is assumed to possess, because it suggests that some of the others may be wanting.

Indeed, if all that can be said of a man who has filled a great place is that he did not steal or receive money illicitly, he is terribly judged. But is it true that public men are now so generally venal that to be honest is a distinction? Those who indirectly assert it by praising public men for having clean hands may well inquire what the reason of such an alarming fact may be. Why was Mr. Tilden's "bar'l" believed to have played so important a part in the election of 1876? What was the implication of Mr. Arthur's speech at the Dorsey dinner? Why is it said that Mr. Bookwalter, the Democratic candidate for Governor in Ohio, will give $50,000 toward the expenses of the campaign? Why is it the tendency of important nominations to go to rich men? Why is it a common belief that votes can be bought to carry any measure for a great corporation in the Pennsylvania or New York Legislature? In a word, why is money supposed to play such a controlling part in politics that it really seems to a great many persons to be praise of a public man to say that his hands are clean? The answer is simple: chiefly because of the mercenary doctrine and practice that the myriad non-political places under government are the proper plunder of a faction of a victorious party.

COLLECTOR ROBERTSON.

Collector Robertson's character is such that he enters upon the duties of his new position with general respect and confidence. He is not an unknown and untried man, but for many years he has been conspicuous in public affairs. His remarks in reply to ex-Collector Merritt's friendly speech were brief and plain. He stated that he should pursue the general course of his predecessor, and that no sweeping removals would be made, but that the Custom-house would be managed upon business principles. As that would be impossible if it were restored to its old function as a political machine, the remark is a promise not only of continuing but of extending the reformed system of appointment and promotion.

It is impossible, however, that Collector Robertson should not be assailed with the usual fierce pressure and contest of personal influence and favoritism. If it be the desire of the Secretary of the Treasury and the policy of the Administration, he will resist the pressure as well as he can. He is an honorable and upright man, and he will co-operate with the Department. But what is wanted in the Custom-houses is not a good man only, like Collector Robertson, but a good system. There should be no political pressure for him or for any Collector to resist, and there will be none when pressure is useless, and the qualification of the applicant, not the political standing of his "backer," determines the appointment or the promotion.

There was one important observation of the new Collector to a reporter. It was that no person had the promise of a place. This disposes of the loose talk that the whole power of the prospective patronage of the Custom-house had been employed by the Collector during the late Senatorial contest at Albany. He enters upon his office unpledged except to the faithful and efficient discharge of his duty, and he may count upon the warmest and strongest support not only of the great mercantile interest, but of the great body of intelligent citizens, in his resolution to conduct the public business upon business principles.

THE LAND BILL AND THE SCIENTIFIC FRONTIER.

As Lord Beaconsfield's manuscripts and collections were sold at auction in London, and at high prices, as mementoes of a strange and meteoric genius, the "scientific frontier" which was the object of his Asian policy vanished, and at the same time Mr. Gladstone's Irish Land Bill passed the House of Commons virtually without a recorded opposition. It is singular that the essentially unsubstantial and transitory character of Lord Beaconsfield's imposing projects should be revealed simultaneously with the success of the simple, humane, and beneficent policy of his political rival. Among the autograph manuscripts at the sale was that of *The Wondrous Tale of Alroy.* But that dream has not left a wrack behind more truly than the political dreams of its author.

Mr. Parnell abstained from voting, and there was no adverse vote except that of a handful of extreme Tories. Lord Randolph Churchill vainly appealed to Tory panic and terror by a motion that the bill was the fruit of revolutionary agitation, and really threatened the right of landed property in England. But for the first time the British Parliament seems to have broken away from everything but a desire to base an Irish land bill not upon a theoretical but upon an actual situation, and to seek to do justice under conditions which make it very difficult to discern precisely what justice requires.

Mr. Gladstone's measures of practical statesmanship are many. As a progressive and constructive statesman, indeed, few of the famous English ministers will surpass him. For the great objects of statesmanship, the welfare and peace which spring from justice, none of them are before him. Senator Hoar, in his late admirable address to the Law School at Yale College, quotes Cicero's famous saying, "Justice is itself the great standing policy of civil society." Mr. Gladstone has never forgotten it. Even Ireland will one day honor him as one of the builders of a state.

THE INFERNAL MACHINE.

If the subject were not altogether too serious for jesting, we should say that there could not be a more Hibernian proceeding than to prepare an infernal machine to explode three or four thousand miles away, and then to dispatch it to its destination across the ocean at the risk of blowing up on the way, and annihilating itself and hundreds of innocent persons. That such an engine of death was prepared in this country, and sent to England for some purpose, is now known, and the English people have heard in the strongest way from the American press that the affair is universally regarded in this country as a frightful abuse of the hospitality that we offer to every man in the world is evident, and that there is a unanimous feeling that the strongest measures should be taken to preserve the lives of innocent passengers and of those for whom such a blow may be intended.

The law now forbids the carrying of nitro-glycerine as freight upon any passenger steamer under penalty of a fine upon the shipper of not less than a thousand and not more than ten thousand dollars. If it explodes and occasions death, the offense is manslaughter, and the punishment imprisonment not less than two years. But there is no provision for punishing shipment with murderous intent in another country.

The crime of an aimless general assassination or the risk of it may well have escaped the prescience of the Legislature. But when to this enormity is added that of its attempt when active measures are taking for the relief of the Irish suffering for which the assassination is supposed to be somehow a remedy, the complication, except for its huge criminality, would be almost comical. Honorable Irishmen in this country who prize the name and character of their native land are profoundly interested in clearing up this mystery for the good name of Ireland, while all loyal Americans must ask whether the principle of our neutrality laws, without touching in the least the right of political asylum, may not be extended to cover the overt acts of murderous conspiracies.

THE HUNTER'S POINT NUISANCES AND THE LONG ISLAND RAILROAD.

Those who had the misfortune to be obliged to travel on the Long Island Railroad a few years ago still retain a vivid recollection of the risks, horrors, and discomfort of the trip. The passenger-cars were as shackly as an old country hearse, and so filthy that no decent person could ride in them without loss of self-respect. The road-bed and rails were in such wretched want of repair that the joy of the jolted, bruised, and battered passengers who had the good fortune to arrive at their destination without loss of life or limb was tempered by the dismal thought of going back over the same route. Some sections were so rough as to give one the impression that he was riding over a Western corduroy road. Stoppages were frequent to patch up the rickety, asthmatic locomotives, or to allow conductors and brakemen to "shoo" off the horses and cattle that pastured on the grass-grown track.

Receiver Sharpe began a reformation, which Mr. Corbin has carried on with the spirit of a man who believes that railroads are intended for the public, and not the public for the railroads. The road-bed is in excellent condition; the locomotives and passenger-cars are equal to those of other first-class roads; the conductors and brakemen are intelligent, civil, obliging, neat in person and dress, ready to give needful information, and in every way attentive to the comfort and safety of passengers. In short, travel on the Long Island Railroad has become a pleasure instead of a misery.

But there is one serious drawback, for which Mr. Corbin is in no way responsible. Passengers who take the trains at Hunter's Point, the most accessible station for up-town New-Yorkers, are compelled to endure the horrible, deadly stenches that rise from the nuisances on Newtown Creek, and spread through the air like the noxious fumes of a charnel-house. Strong men grow faint as the train moves through the contaminated atmosphere. Not all the perfumes of Araby the Blest could overcome these foul odors.

In this manner the rapacity of a few wealthy corporations is suffered to interfere with Mr. Corbin's laudable attempt to improve railroad travel on Long Island. We understand that he has made, and is still making, strenuous efforts to compel the abatement of these nuisances, which have already been condemned by the courts. We also understand that if the corporations continue to defy successfully the law and the will of the people, it is Mr. Corbin's intention to remove his station from Hunter's Point to Bay Ridge, where his passengers will not be compelled to begin their journey in a state of asphyxia.

The question for the citizens of New York to decide is, Shall the condemned nuisances or the Long Island Railroad remove from Hunter's Point?

Will the Governor enforce his proclamation?

PERSONAL.

The daily papers of the country have devoted ample space and justice to the memory of a man who was one of the earliest and ablest of the little company who organized and brought to its present colossal dimensions the express business in the United States. We need not repeat what they have so well said as to the qualities which combined to make Mr. Fargo the successful business man he was. But he had other characteristics of equal if not higher merit. He was one of the truest and most kind-hearted of men. His generosity was proverbial. No man was more widely esteemed and beloved by his neighbors, and by those who were most closely associated with him socially or in business. While dispensing a liberal hospitality, he was at the same time perfectly simple and unostentatious. Indeed, nature had formed him on a large and manly scale, and the older he grew, and more prosperous he became, the more perfectly he seemed adapted for successfully managing the great enterprises with which he was identified, and which bear his honored name.

—Dr. Lyon Playfair, Deputy-Speaker of the House of Commons, who sails for New York the latter part of this month, is sixty-two years old, and has been constantly in professional or political life since he was twenty-four years old. He is pre-eminently a self-made man. From 1843 to 1874 he was principally occupied in scientific matters by the British government. In 1874 he was President of the Civil Service Inquiry Commission, which produced an elaborate scheme for the reorganization of the civil service. For the last thirteen years he has been in Parliament, and in 1873–74 was Postmaster-General. Few public men in England have been more actively, successfully, or honorably engaged than Dr. Playfair.

—Mr. William J. Florence, who has just returned with Mrs. Florence from a successful professional trip abroad, furnishes to the press an interesting account of the reception given to himself and Mr. J. W. Mackay, of bonanza fame, by the Pope. It was quite out of the ordinary run of receptions at the Vatican, the Pope chatting for a quarter of an hour with Mr. Florence, and enjoying, as every one does who knows him, the bright and cheery sayings and manners of one of the finest dramatic artists of the time.

—M. Renan contemplates writing a history of the Jews up to the second exile, and as part of his preparation for the work is about to visit Palestine and Sinai.

—Mrs. Emma Skelton, a beneficiary of the Old Ladies' Home in Boston, is now nearly one hundred and four years old. She has seldom left her room since she became a centenarian, and the inmates are not allowed to weary her with talk. Her intellect is clear, and her body quite stout. She has been a great reader.

—The Bishop of Carlisle recently told a prominent English portrait painter that he had heard some one remark that when an artist's pictures came to be looked at in future centuries, men would say, "How handsome our ancestors were!" Then said the celebrated painter to the bishop, "I assure you honestly that I have never yet succeeded in committing to canvas one-half the beauty which I have seen in any face that I have ever painted." There can hardly be a fuller acknowledgment of the power of intellectual expression.

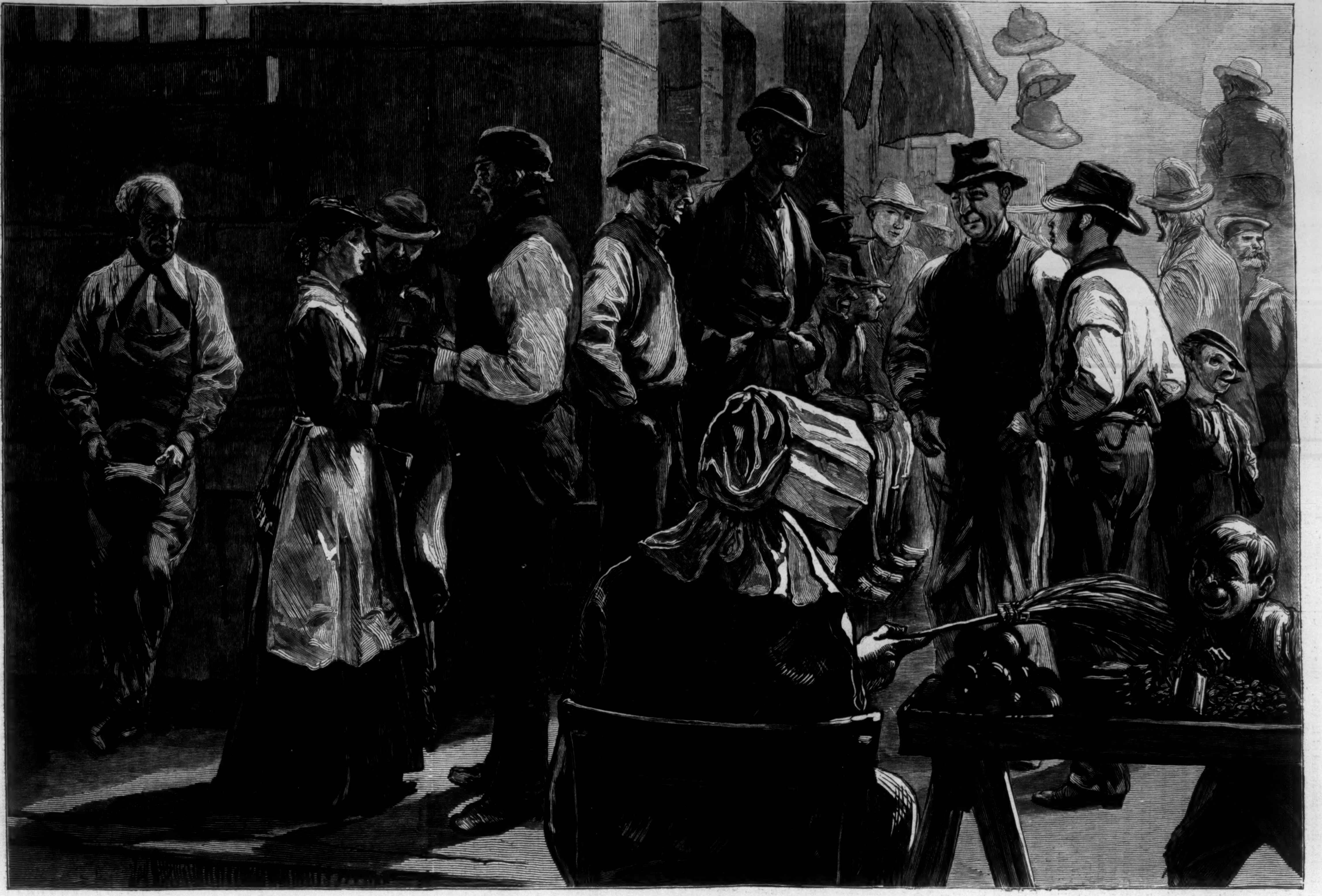
—The Baroness Burdett-Coutts will come to the United States, it is said, in October, accompanied by her husband. The understanding in London is that she has made an amicable settlement with her relatives concerning the distribution of the great fortune that was left to her conditionally. Latterly she has entertained in a more costly fashion than ever before, and she appears to be supremely happy in her married life.

—Sippers of "Moet" may be interested to know that M. Victor Moet-Romont, the late celebrated producer of Champagne, left a large fortune, a generous share of which he willed to charitable institutions.

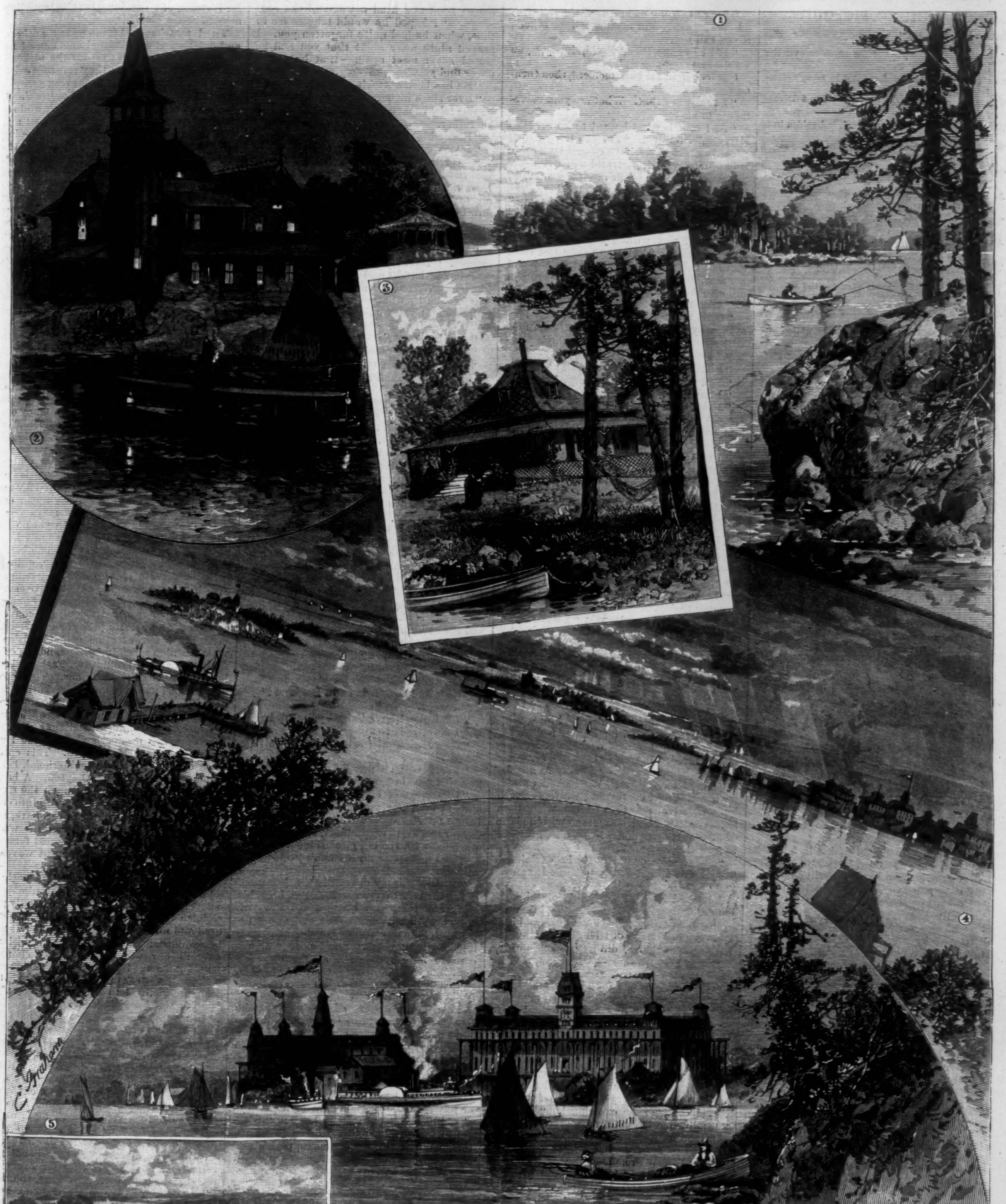
—Senator B. H. Hill, of Georgia, who has for some time suffered from a dangerous form of cancer on the tongue, has recently, after a consultation of eminent surgeons, submitted to an extensive operation, necessitating the removal of the sublingual gland and a portion of the under surface of the tongue. The prospect is favorable for a speedy restoration to health, though there is some concern lest the excision of a part of the tongue should affect articulation.

—For the first time in many years a Prince of the Roman Church has recently met socially the sovereign of Great Britain. On the 14th of July, the day on which he completed his seventy-third year, Cardinal Manning met the Queen at a garden party given by the Prince of Wales, and was remarked to be one of the most courteously courtly of the brilliant throng. The circumstance is alluded to by the London press as indicative of that steady growth of public sentiment which inclines to the breaking down of needless social and religious barriers.

—Mr. James Robb, who died recently in Cincinnati, was widely known and respected by financial men as a banker, and by lovers of art as the possessor of many fine works in painting and sculpture. He had been connected with leading banking and railroad institutions in New Orleans, in New York, and in Cuba, and was noted not merely for business capacity, but for the urbanity and refinement of his manners and the unostentatious way of his daily life. Not long ago, in conversation with a friend, he remarked: "I have been engaged in almost every branch of business, and made money until I did not know what to do with it. I have sat at the table with royalty, seen every phase of life, travelled the whole civilized globe, and seen all its art treasures, and I am tired, satiated, and I have come out here [Cheviot] to rest."



ON SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK—LONGSHOREMEN WAITING FOR A JOB.



1. Among the Islands. 2. An Island Home. 3. Sans Souci Cottage, Round Island. 4. Clayton and Round Islands, from Prospect Park. 5. Alexandria Bay. 6. Looking up the River. 7. A Moonlight Night.

AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.—From Sketches by Frank H. Taylor.—[See Page 550.]

AN UNHUNG PICTURE.

ONLY a landscape, beautiful with the grace of a summer's day,
And bright with the glow of the sunshine over the lawn at play.

An old house, sheltered and guarded by many a stately tree,
Whose leaves with the summer breezes are fluttering merrily.

White daisies cover the greensward, and golden buttercups lie
Where clover blossoms are growing under the azure sky.

There are bees in the fields and pastures, and butterflies on the wing,
And many a nest in the tree-tops, where birdlings are learning to sing.

There's a meadow slope in the distance, where cows are browsing all day,
And a brook through ferns and wild grasses merrily coursing its way,

Think not *my* picture was painted for silent gallery walls,
Where only through guarded windows the sunlight charily falls.

Ah no! for I stand in the doorway and breathe the free fragrant air,
And hark to the sweet sounds of nature while viewing my picture so fair.

Its beauty can never be bounded by frame of ebon or gold,
And the scenes so gladsome to look at never grow weary or old.

Thus I cherish the beautiful picture which Nature painted for me,
And my life will borrow the sunshine it scatters so joyously.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1284, Vol. XXV.]

A FIGHT FOR HIM.

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

AUTHOR OF "COWARD CONSCIENCE," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," "POOR HUMANITY," ETC.

IV.—THE LAST SKIRMISH.

THE next day there was a fresh surprise for me. It was a cold, bleak morning: the sun was not shining; the sea and sky were gray and dark, and ominous of angry weather; there was a wailing over sea and land as of human life in suffering. When I went down stairs, somewhat earlier than usual, I saw through the glass windows of the hall that a closed carriage was waiting in the drive.

"Who is going away to-day?" I asked of the housekeeper.

"Miss Forsyth."

"Going away—and at once?" I said, in my surprise.

"Yes; she gave orders for a carriage to be here very early this morning," was the reply. "She is determined to go. Mrs. Selcombe is vexed, but can not persuade her to wait till the forenoon."

"And Mr. Garthorne?"

Mr. Garthorne was the resident surgeon of the Home.

"He has expressly forbidden it, but it is of no use. I don't know, Miss Douglas, that I ever remember a more self-willed young lady than she is. It may be going to her death—but go she will."

"I will see her," I said.

"Oh! she particularly wished not to be distressed by any leave-takings, and said that you were not to—"

I did not wait to hear any more. I was self-willed on my own account, and resolved—even for reasons hard to set down here—to see her once again. I felt I was the cause of her determination to quit the institution; that for some inexplicable reason it was either she or I who *must* leave Seacliffe. I would ask one question, and then tell her I was sorry she was going away so hastily. Strange as it may seem, I did feel suddenly and unaccountably sorry for this girl.

I did not wish to ask permission for an interview; I assumed upon my old position as her maid, and went suddenly and quickly into the room where she was sitting, in the same chair in which I had left her last night, only equipped now for a journey. She had been arranging various small sums of money from her purse—*douceurs* for services of the attendants, I presumed—but she started up, and scattered some of the silver pieces on the floor, in her surprise at my appearance.

"I did not send for you; I did not know you were up," she said.

"I thought I would rise early this morning," I explained, "and I hear you are going to leave us. May I ask why this is?"

"Oh, you may ask," she cried, impudently and rudely.

"And you will not answer me?"

"Why not?" she rejoined. "Is it not sufficient answer that I am sick of this place—heartily sick of it, and everybody in it—that I want to get away?"

"At a great risk to yourself, leaving thus unceremoniously, and on so cold and bleak a day."

"It is only two miles to the station, and I am not made of barley-sugar," she cried, flippantly.

"You are not strong."

"I am as strong as you are," she retorted. "I can go away and make room for others, if you can not."

"If I had gone, then," I said, slowly, "you would have remained?"

She looked at me for a moment, then turned aside her head.

"I do not say that. What are your movements to me?"

"Ah! that is what I want to know, Miss Forsyth," I replied. "For you have shown great interest in me, have offered me a large sum of money to depart, and will withdraw yourself in haste, and at any personal risk, rather than remain here with me."

"You—you must not speak in this way," she murmured.

"Pardon me; I have not much to say, and I will not willingly distress you," I said, earnestly; "but there does not seem room in this vast establishment for you and me now, and for some mysterious reason you are afraid of our being here together."

"Afraid!"

"Give me a fair explanation, Miss Forsyth, why you wish me to withdraw, and I will spare you the risk of this day's journey," I concluded.

"I have nothing to explain."

"You will not tell me?" I urged.

"I have nothing to tell," was her reply.

"I think you have," I said. "Well, let me set your mind at ease by saying that you need not fear me, that Captain Macfarlane need not fear me either, and that I shall suffer no distress of mind by meeting him again."

"You knew he was here yesterday, then? You knew it?"

"And if you are afraid of his meeting *me*," I continued, "pray disabuse your mind of any jealous fancies, and—let me go."

"For my sake—you would do this now?" she asked, wonderingly.

"Hardly for any one's sake, but simply for the general convenience," I answered, carelessly. "You are not strong enough to go away to-day."

"I *will* go," she muttered; "I have made up my mind. Don't unsettle me."

"Why should this fear—"

"I have not said I have any fear of you," she cried, in great excitement. "Why should I? All was over between him and you long ago?"

"Yes."

"Then why should I mistrust him? Why should I think for an instant that—"

The door opened again, and Luke Macfarlane entered. It was a ghost-like entrance to us both, and scared us equally as a spectre might have done. We looked at him for a while, and he, turning white as death himself, advanced toward me with both hands outstretched, like a man with a claim of love to me yet, and which he had a right to assert.

"Kate!—my own Kate!" he exclaimed, "am I dreaming?—is it possible it can be you?"

I backed from him. I did not take his hands. This was no friend of mine, I thought—only a man whom I had loved once, and lost. His very profession of friendliness filled me with alarm even. I did not understand it.

"Miss Forsyth—she—" I began, and he cried, impatiently:

"Yes, yes, she has found you, and I will thank her presently. But now let me think of you—let me tell you how long I have searched and prayed for such a meeting as this."

"You—you did not know I was here?" I cried.

"No. I—I was afraid you were dead. Since my return from India I have been seeking for you every day. Kate, am I not forgiven, then?" he exclaimed. "Will you not allow me to explain even now? Lydia, pray intercede for me—tell her all I have suffered by my cruel haste."

Was I in a dream—and was this Luke Macfarlane? I looked from him, so brave and handsome, and so little changed, to Miss Forsyth cowering in the chair with her face averted from us both. I began to see my way. Through the murky darkness of the mystery a glimmer of the dawn was piercing.

"Leave us, please, Luke," I said to him, "for a few moments, whilst she explains it all."

"I will wait in the garden. You will come to me soon—pray do," he said.

As the door closed upon him I turned at once to her. I stood before her as the mistress of the position—I the victorious, and she the vanquished woman.

"You are NOT engaged to Luke Macfarlane," I exclaimed.

"I am not," she murmured. "Don't tell him I said I was. Oh, don't tell him that!"

"You have never been engaged to him?"

"Never," she answered. "Spare me to him; save my self-respect a little. I have been very wrong. Oh, don't tell him!"

"And why?" I asked.

"I have loved him very much; I have loved him desperately, and he has thought me so good and kind a woman," she confessed. "I hoped he would take to me in time, when he had quite forgotten you. I prayed night after night that you and he would never meet again—that he would never find you."

"He has been searching for me, then?"

"Ever since his return from India, where he was telegraphed by the sudden illness of his father."

"Hence his silence."

"I was commissioned to explain all to you—presently to search for you. He thought he could trust me and my mother. He knew nothing—he knows nothing—of my love for him. He will never know it now but for you," she said; "and if you will keep a poor weak woman's secret, I shall be very grateful."

"You would not have spared me," I answered. "You never came to me. You were going away lest he and I should meet. You knew he loved me still, and guessed my heart was broken by what seemed to me his cold indifference: you would have let me die."

"I loved him."

"And hated me."

"Yes," she answered.

"Poor woman," I said, "learn to hate me no longer. He shall not know the truth of this."

She seized my hand before I was aware, and raised it to her lips.

"God bless you!" she said. "But you may tell him presently. When I am dead, I should like him to know how much I loved him. But not before, lest he should despise me for my enmity to you."

"Is the enmity at an end?"

"It has been a bitter struggle between us," she murmured.

"An unfair fight, for I was defenseless."

"Yet you had right fighting on your side against me," she answered, with a sigh. "And I was malicious and bad. Forgive me if you can in time."

"And why did you come here after me?"

"I was ill myself, and it was a fair excuse," she said. "I had tracked you out, and the thought occurred to me to face you. I had a hope that I should hear you say you had forgotten him, and he was nothing to you. Then I could have gone back happier in my mind, and waited for his coming."

"How long has he been in England?"

"A week."

"Ah, Luke, I have judged you very hastily," I murmured to myself.

"Go to him," she said; "he is waiting for *you*."

"Yes, I will go now," I replied. "And you will remain here?"

"Of course, of course," she said. "Despite of my plans, you and he have met. It is like fate."

As I went out of the door, she looked toward me with the old piteous look.

"You *will* spare my woman's pride?" she said again.

"I will," was my answer back.

I went out to my old lover, to hear his story and relate my own—a sad story of misconceptions, hasty words, and quick repentance, the record of a lovers' quarrel lasting two long years. The reader will not care to hear its details at the eleventh hour like this; he will take my word for it, and leave me happy with the man so lightly sketched forth here.

This is the history of two women who fought for him, and Luke Macfarlane is simply a shadow to every one but me. Like a shadow he passed, too, from the life of Lydia Forsyth, and she saw him not again.

She had left the Home at Seacliffe when we went back to her room. At the last she feared to meet him, or to trust to my word, or to witness that happy era of reconciliation which she had striven hard to thwart. But, poor woman, she had loved this Luke of mine, and—unlike a woman, perhaps—I could forgive her for it.

THE END.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

THE discovery of the beautiful archipelago called the Thousand Islands, as far as the cottager is concerned, is of very recent occurrence. Ten years ago but one hotel of any note gave the chance tourist or fisherman a welcome, and this house—the old Crossmon—stood at Alexandria Bay. When, in the height of the mid-season, the hotel overflowed, guests were "colonized" among the villagers, and many a tale of sleepless nights on corn-husk beds could be told, undoubtedly, by old habitués of the islands.

When Mr. O. G. STAPLES, an enterprising citizen of Watertown, began to blast out the rock whereon to build the present Thousand Island House, a new era dawned upon the region. A new house, large and modern in style, also took the place of the original, and since the completion of the two hotels, each year has witnessed a regular increase of visitation over the preceding season.

Tiréd merchants, brain-weary authors, and debilitated professional men came here at first to enjoy a "trawl" for the pickerel and muskallonge; then they returned with their families; and finally, having camped or dined upon some pretty islet or headland, they have been won by the outlook, and set up their cottages, more or less ornate; and now these pretty summer homes, peeping out from their half-concealment among the pines, are important factors in the landscape. And islands are at such a premium for building purposes that a few weeks ago the early voyager might have seen a fleet of barges busily engaged in bringing stone and earth from a point several miles distant for the artificial extension of a bare rock heretofore worthless, but upon which a ten-thousand-dollar villa is now receiving its finishing touches.

The success of Ocean Grove, New Jersey, and the Chautauqua enterprise, has prompted like undertakings among the Thousand Islands, and denominational summering communities have grown to large proportions.

At Round Island, distant two miles from Clayton, New York, the railway terminus, the Baptists have erected a large and imposing hotel, and the woodlands fringing the rocky margin already contain many cottages, one of these, called "Sans Souci," especially struck our artist's fancy. The island is about one hundred and fifty acres in extent. The entire area has been plotted into building lots, winding drives, and lawns.

Thousand Island Park, projected by the Methodists, is located upon the upper end of Wells Island, some three miles down stream from Round Island. As yet no hotel for general travel has been built here, but it is the intention to erect one before next season. There is, however, quite a town of private cottages, halls, pavilions, and the usual accessories of extensive camp-meeting places among the trees. Sunday-school, temperance, and educational conventions occur here during the summer.

At the lower extreme of Wells Island, which is nine miles in length, and opposite Alexandria Bay, Westminster Park has been laid out by the Presbyterians. The tower of its chapel upon Mount Beulah is the most prominent object against the sunset sky.

Prospect Park, two miles above Clayton, embraces two rounded headlands, from either of which a superb view of the river and islands may be enjoyed. This enterprise is new and undenominational, being managed by citizens of Clayton. A broad and pebbly beach, unusual upon the river, where the rocks nearly always dip into deep water, is a feature of Prospect Park, and here one may rest idly among the woodlands, and listen to that sweetest form of nature's music, the plash of spent wavelets upon a crescent strand.

The Thousand Islands were evidently so named before anybody took the trouble to count them, as they have been officially proclaimed to number one thousand six hundred and ninety-two. This number, it may be assumed, includes many that are islands only at low water. The many channels winding among this great archipelago give an infinite variety of expeditions for visitors who are inclined to become explorers. It is a favorite boast, indeed, among the boatmen that the same guest may be taken through different scenes every day during a whole season in their light and graceful craft. Any description of the islands would be incomplete that failed to give due attention to that useful and original genius, the oarsman. He is the counterpart of the active *boteros* of the port of Havana, a sort of marine omnibus man, though he is as placid as his tropical prototype is noisy and demonstrative, for he well knows that his "calling and election," as far as boating is concerned, at least, is sure for every day during the summer. His boat, too, is as light and airy as that of the Cuban is heavy and tub-like.

There is a special grace in every curve and angle about a St. Lawrence fishing-skiff. Expert builders are busy all winter upon new boats for the regular boatmen or for the islanders, and many are sent to other waters from Alexandria Bay. Where else, indeed, is the amateur navigator made so entirely comfortable as here? Who but a St. Lawrence genius ever conceived the idea of sawing off the legs from an arm-chair, and setting it up in the stern of a boat, cushioned and tempting?

It is when dinner-time comes, however, that your oarsman's greatest talent shines out supremely. He knows a thousand nooks, shaded deeply by hemlock boughs, whose showers of needles have made a smooth and pretty carpet over the moss and rocks, and where rustic tables he has built there long ago stand waiting. Your boat has hardly touched the crescent landing of some lily-choked cove before his preparations are under way. The hamper is taken ashore, unsuspected coffee-pots, sugar-cans, pickles, and other "fixin's" spring from convenient places of stowage, camp-stools arise, and a snowy cloth flaps from the weather-beaten table.

Of course you have caught some fish, not the little troublesome pan variety, but big and succulent pickerel, whereof the capture tingles the nerves of memory to this very day. These are cleaned, cooked, and salted. Then they are eaten.

Let us envy the campers, for such is their daily lot, and their number is legion. Small white villages are reflected in the smooth waters from every coign of vantage, and through the summer the evenings are aglow with their little fires that gleam in long and fitful shafts across the tide.

The facilities for access to or egress from the Thousand Islands have been greatly reenforced during the present season.

The New-Yorker may now leave Gotham by sleeper up the Hudson, and viâ the Utica and Black River Railroad, reaching Clayton in time to breakfast and to catch the morning steamer down the river; or, by a new arrangement, he may leave Buffalo or Niagara Falls in the evening upon a steamboat express, passing over the division of the Rome, Watertown, and Ogdensburg Railroad skirting the New York shore of Lake Ontario, and meet the new line steamer *Rothesay* at Cape Vincent early in the morning, breakfasting on board.

It should be stated, too, that passengers up the Hudson by the night boats, or visitors at Saratoga, may reach the St. Lawrence at Clayton by the daylight train over the first-named route in time to join friends at supper at any landing-point among the islands.

Two steamers, the *Rothesay* and *Prince Arthur*, operated by a recently formed American company, now ply regularly between Cape Vincent and Montreal. The first-named is a very large boat, especially designed for daylight travel, and can not pass down the rapids above Montreal and return through the canal. A transfer of passengers is therefore made at Dickinson's Landing, below the islands.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

Behavior to Servants in Clubs.—Two unfortunate Mistakes.—Physicians' Fees.—Philosophy in Letter-Writers.—Prince Leopold's new Title.—Doubtful Customers.—The Railway Murder.

A MEMBER of the Carlton Club has been formally reprimanded for bullying the servants. It is creditable to any club that such censure should be accorded, but especially to the Carlton, the members of which have been credited with a particular contempt for their inferiors. I hope the affair will act as a lesson elsewhere, wherever the "coltish nature breaks through the gilded pale." Such conduct is only worthy of the "'Arries" who haunt the tea gardens. It is cruel, cowardly, unmannerly, and painful not only to those subjected to it, but to every gentleman within hearing. Let me add that it is not the hasty word that makes the offense, but the habitual manner.

The wrongs of our telegraphists seem to be serious, and are, I hope, in process of remedy. But they have at least privacy; they can not, for example, be kissed unless they please. They would have to come to their pigeon-hole, and place their cheek sideways, if any importunate customer demanded a salute—a proceeding which would savor at least of consent. With postmen it is different. Art affords them no defense if nature has made them attractive. At Croyden, it appears, there is an elderly laundress who entertains such an affection for the local postman that she kisses him on every round, whether he has any letter for her or not. This unfortunate victim of an unreturned attachment has sought the protection of the magistrate in vain. The lady asserts she means to kiss him again. Lord Randolph Churchill will probably ask a question of the Postmaster-General about it; but in the mean time what must be the postman's apprehensions as he starts on his daily path of duty!

In the telegraph office there are many intelligent persons, no doubt, but one of them has been a little too clever. He has been possessing himself of the contents of foreign messages in transit, and selling them to those whom it may concern. By some unfortunate mistake, however, he offered one of them to *the actual sender of the message*, with the most deplorable results. What a dramatic situation and "effects" must the proposed bargain have presented to a spectator!

Sad as the above contretemps was for one of the parties, a certain lady who had not paid her dog tax suffered worse the other day through a similar misadventure. She stated in writing to the Inland Revenue Commissioners that she was not a person to evade taxes, and took very high ground indeed. But unfortunately her note-paper had her crest impressed upon it, and it turned out she had not paid for her armorial bearings.

The principle has been laid down by moralists that you should hit one of your own size, or, at all events, not any one smaller. The temptation is so excessive to adopt a contrary course that the general practice is to disregard this axiom. But, on the other hand, one feels there should be limits. The giant Chang would be thought to blame if he struck one of the Midgets, yet this is just what has happened in still life, or rather amongst inanimate objects. A street locomotive has been convicted of running down a bicycle. The defendant was on the wrong side of the road, and would not budge an inch; it is unnecessary to point out what happened. What makes the matter worse, there was a man on the bicycle.

Our present system of physicians' fees is somewhat expensive, and what is worse, it is partial. Only doctors in large practice venture to charge their two guineas instead of the old one. Many seem doubtful about it, and say, in reply to the delicate inquiry, "How much am I indebted to you?" "Well, our *usual practice* is to demand two guineas on the first visit," etc., etc., which seems to imply an alternative. It must be admitted, however, that more pains are taken nowadays than of old. The questions put to the patient are more particular, and are set down in a ledger of great size with clasps. For the second visit only one guinea is charged. Mr. Marwood, the hangman, adopts a somewhat similar plan. It is true, he never sees the same patient twice; but when more than one are submitted to him for treatment, he demands £10 for the first, and £5 for each of the rest. There is a reduction, in short, as in most commercial transactions, on taking a quantity.

It is amazing how easy-going and philosophic is the world in general. The anxious and the fidgety make such a fuss that they seem pretty numerous, but as a matter of fact they are but a small minority. In Birmingham, for example, it appears that during the last six months more than two thousand letters were never delivered, through the misconduct of a certain postman; many of them contained bank-notes, securities, and postage stamps, yet only in forty-two cases were any inquiries made about them! The delinquent's excuse was that "he was indolent": something analogous seems to have been the matter with his victims.

There is certainly something about a title which makes people very touchy, and altogether disproves Shakspeare's theory as to what's in a name. Lord James Butler writes to the papers to complain that the title of Baron Arklow, recently conferred on Prince Leopold, belongs to his elder brother, the Marquis of Ormonde. If it belonged to *him*, one could imagine his lordship's indignation; but it does not, and the marquis seems to care nothing about it. "In 1177," writes Lord James, "my ancestor was Chief Butler of Ireland, and Lord of Arclo." It seems a little like the dog in the manger to have dropped a title for seven hundred years, and then to find fault with somebody else for picking it up. His lordship had much better persuade his brother to become Chief Butler again while the thing remains vacant, or somebody else will be taking *that* place. A great many Irish landlords are performing the butler's duties, so far as "waiting" is concerned, but, on the other hand, there is nothing to "take away."

Competition, which is so useful in so many ways, has the disadvantage of causing folks to give credit to doubtful customers; and this tends to create doubtful customers. A very remarkable specimen of this type has just appeared at our Central Criminal Court. His stock in trade appears to have consisted only of a "gentlemanly bearing and a mustache," but his profits from this slender capital were splendid. He procured, by drawing checks on an imaginary balance, the sum of £5, and then replied to an advertisement which offered "a country mansion, with right of shooting over 1200 acres." His references did not seem, we learn, "quite so satisfactory as they might be," but they were held sufficient. Once established at "Newton Manor," which he caused to be printed at the head of his note-paper, the world of British credit was open to him. "The number of hares on my estate" easily accounted, to the gun-maker, for his wanting a breech-loader, for which "he would pay £10 if he liked it." It would seem he meant the *liking* to apply to the payment, for he did not pay, though he kept the gun. He patronized so many other gun-makers in a similar way that an armory might have been advertised as one of the attractions of the Manor. As "the hounds were constantly crossing his park," it was only natural he should want field-glasses "to bring them within range." Directly he obtained these articles he pawned them, and kept house upon the proceeds; and in these days, when "the land" is not so remunerative as it used to be, made no doubt a tolerable figure as a country gentleman.

A still more striking case happened within my own knowledge, where a man of this kind took a furnished house in Berkshire for a year, married his daughter from it, sold a hay-rick belonging to the proprietor, and levanted in the eleventh month without paying a halfpenny. For all that time the tradesmen in the neighborhood supplied all his wants without inquiry. And yet they say England is not the country for a poor man!

Communication by railway has now been re-established, even between the most nervous people, by the apprehension of Mr. Lefroy. It seems to have been supposed that having once tasted of the sweets of a hand-to-hand conflict in a railway carriage, in which he was very nearly worsted, and out of which he cleared rather less than three sovereigns, and a watch that he dared not dispose of, this individual would pursue that occupation as his profession. For my part, I believe the results have been too discouraging to admit of imitation, and that railway travelling will be safer than ever. In these days of burlesque there is no subject, alas! so tragic but it admits of a joke, and it is currently reported that the London and Brighton shares have gone up, because "Gold" has been found in the tunnel.

By-the-bye, I can not help quoting a most charming specimen of the penny-a-line style of literature from one of the narratives of the Lefroy case: "In the presence of strangers he [Lefroy] was polished and respectful, and his general bearing was such as to produce a favorable impression. It may illustrate what is here said to mention that some time ago, when the present writer showed the MS. of a small work he had composed to Lefroy, he asked to be allowed to read it, and then coolly proceeded to negotiate for the document, and the contract, save the actual legal formalities, was all but completed. Fortunately the MS. was recovered." R. KEMBLE, of London.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THERE have been brisk political times in the Cherokee Nation. The election of district officers and Representatives to the National Council was held on August 2, in accordance with the proclamation of the principal chief, D. W. Bushyhead, which set forth that the election must be conducted "according to law, and not otherwise." The *Cherokee Advocate*, printed partly in English and partly with the queer-looking types invented to fit the Cherokee language, called in the approved manner upon all male members of the Nation over eighteen years of age to do their duty at the polls. The same paper printed lists of candidates in the various districts, and these lists show an interesting mingling of ordinary names with those which to Eastern ears would seem extraordinary. Thus Coffey Black Bird was a candidate for District Judge, and on the same ticket Young Duck was running for Councillor. Two names on the opposing ticket were Ger-ter-ner Vann and Te-ke-no-he-le, candidates for Councillor and Representative to the Grand Council respectively. In another district Kee Kee Gunter ran for Sheriff, Chee Chee was a candidate for the Senate, and the names of Creek Sam and Hop Starr stood together as candidates for the Council. The principle of local self-government seems to be in favor there, for the names of candidates for the National Council are at the foot of the printed tickets, those of all the local candidates preceding them.

Immediately after the opening of the day's session a member of the Georgia Legislature arose and began: "Mr. Speaker—" Speaker Bacon's thoughts were elsewhere, and he bowed mechanically and said, "Good-morning."

A French newspaper tells of a millionaire who lost his entire fortune, excepting 100,000 francs, and died of grief within twenty-four hours, and of his brother and only heir, who died of joy over the prospect of coming into possession of a fortune so large.

In what is known as the chipmunk region of the Sierras a bitter war is waged by bluebirds and wrens on the squirrels. A Carson (Nevada) paper says that the latter are scarcely out of their holes for an airing before they are attacked, and usually vanquished, by the birds. It is said that a single bluebird is too much for a squirrel, but that the wrens have to make their attacks by squads in order to be successful. The squirrels seem to be at peace with all the rest of the feathered tribe.

The unusual spectacle of a judge standing on his head in the street is reported from Kansas City. His inverted Honor was Judge Payne, who was left head downward by the wrecking of his carriage, and being exceedingly corpulent, he stood thus till a person came to his rescue and assisted him to right himself.

A wide field for speculation as to the possibilities of gardening is opened by the announcement that Mr. Joe Beasley, of Georgia, has succeeded in raising lemon-flavored water-melons by making an incision in the melon vine near its root, and binding on a lemon. There is appropriateness in this result, since melon and lemon are perfect anagrams. It is to be hoped, however, that Mr. Beasley will not succeed in this line of experiment so far as to produce a vegetable which shall contain the flavors of all the others in season, so that the dismayed epicure shall find before him half a dozen dishes condensed into, for instance, a turnip-cabbage-parsnip-onion-squash-flavored potato.

While a cod-fish produces 3,686,760 eggs, a mackerel lays only 454,860; but if a mackerel would devote less of its energy to the process of becoming salty, perhaps it would then be able to bring forth as many eggs as the more productive cod-fish.

It was taken as a good omen for the wounded President that the famous yellow dog which saw him take the train when he started for the Chicago Convention, yelped joyfully at the Garfield home in Washington when the nomination was made, capered in front of the door after the election, and with a sort of dignity of stride followed the Presidential carriage in the inauguration parade, went to the White House the other day, and spent some two hours on the grounds. He was provided with a meal to which no dog could have taken exception.

The sheriff of Lebanon, Indiana, evidently does not believe in squandering the people's money. Two men convicted of horse-stealing were put in his care to be delivered at the State-prison in Michigan City. Deeming it unnecessary to pay three fares, he handcuffed the convicts together, put them aboard the train, and forwarded the handcuff key by express to the warden of the prison. They arrived promptly, and were locked up for five years. The conductor of the train explained this circumstance by saying that the convicts showed no disposition to escape, and as they had money with which to pay their way, he could not put them off the train.

"How do you suppose a man can go on preaching when you annoy him in this way?" was the not unreasonable question which a preacher in Ellis County, Texas, put to his congregation when a man was shot in church at the morning service. Pausing a moment, he added, "I must insist that there be no further interruptions."

An old soldier in Nashua, New Hampshire, thrust his leg between the spokes of a carriage wheel, and brought a runaway horse up with a jerk. It was a wooden leg.

A writer in St. Louis proposes the laying, under government auspices, of a telegraphic cable along the bed of the Mississippi River from St. Paul to New Orleans, some two thousand miles. Such a cable, he says, "would be like the great nerve in the spinal column; it would quicken commerce, and unite the commercial interests of the whole valley." The scheme is further elaborated by the suggestion that in time it would probably be practicable to light the river at every landing by means of an electric current sent along one of the cable's wires, thus making it easy to increase the speed of steamboats, and lessening the risks to be covered by insurance. "With a cable," he says, "continually transmitting the location of the floating commerce, and night turned into day by electricity, the favorable results to river trade could not even be conjectured."

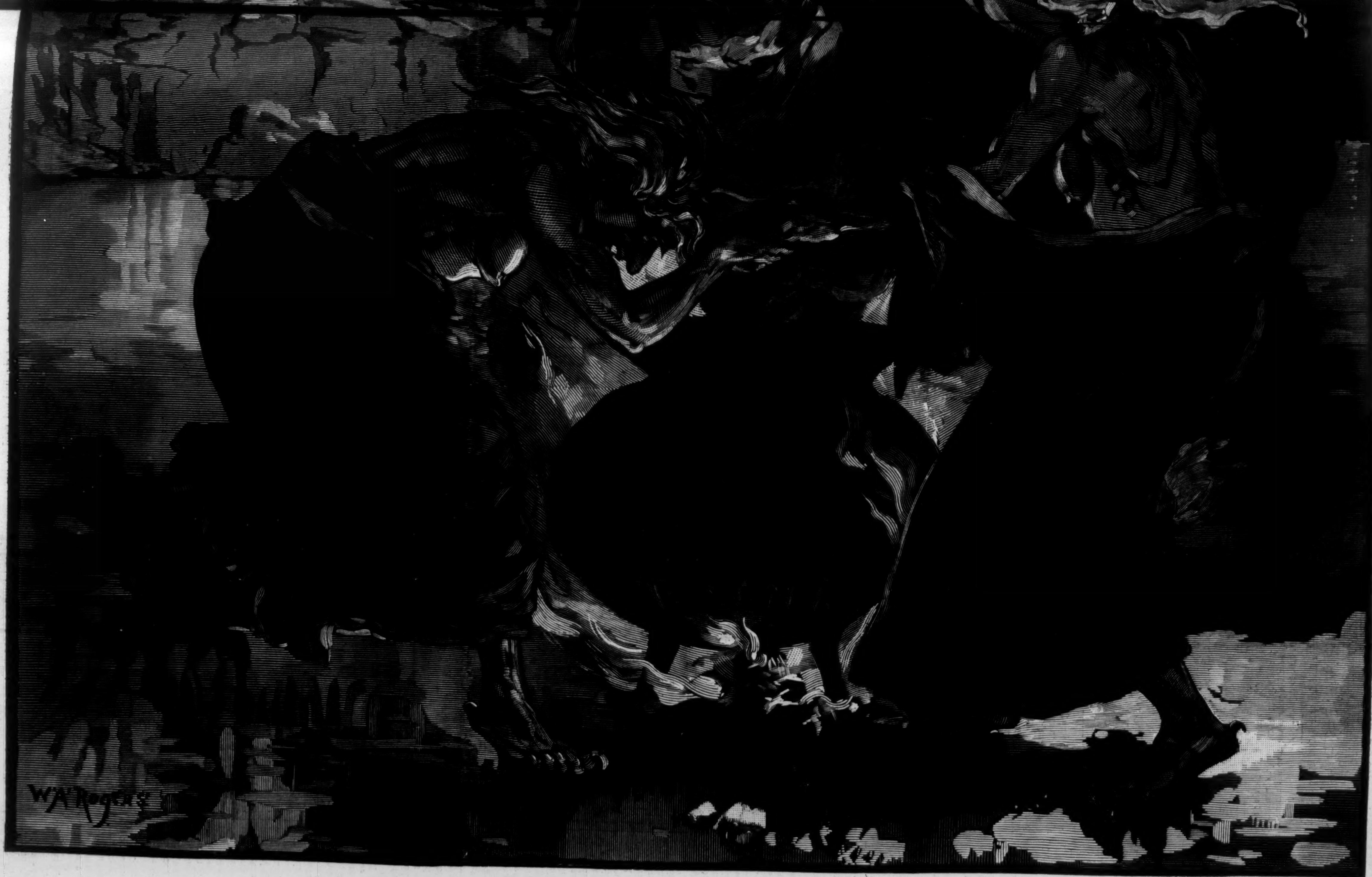
A writer, expatiating upon the running abilities of the breed of wild Southern hogs, says that he once saw one keep up with a railway train for about a quarter of a mile, and then, gathering himself for an effort, dart past the locomotive, across the track, and into the woods with a squeal of triumph. He sums up in these words: "Probably, next to the carrier-pigeons, the Southern wild hog is the swiftest bird in the world."

An innkeeper in Wytheville, Virginia, lays claim to the distinction of presiding over "the only second-class hotel in the world."

Conductors on the New York Central Railroad are bitterly complaining of overwork put upon them by the management, they allege, out of considerations of economy in money and time. The Utica *Herald* satirizes the present system by saying that a plan is under consideration whereby the train employés' meals are to be condensed into the form of cartridges, and fired into the open mouths of hungry conductors and others as they rush past the lunch counters.

Some dogs owned by Mr. Wilson, who lived near Collierville, Tennessee, howled around the premises of his neighbor, Mr. Renfro. The men quarrelled, and Mr. Wilson went home to get his musket and shoot his sensitive neighbor. The shot failed to take effect; but Mr. Renfro lodged four bullets from his revolver in the person of Mr. Wilson. Making sure that the owner of the dogs was dead, Mr. Renfro surrendered himself to the authorities.

Call it bribery, or expenses, or what you will, the cost of becoming a member of Parliament is frightful to contemplate. Mr. Courtney, a member of the House, and one of the leader-writers of the London *Times*, has been computing the cost of the last general election, with the following results: The cost for the City of London was $75,000; Greenwich, over $50,000; Southwark, $75,000; South Essex, $100,000; Middlesex, $90,000; Yorkshire, over $250,000; Durham, $230,000 (one candidate paid $60,000); Montgomeryshire, $100,000. Here is $970,000 among some half-dozen constituencies, after all the reforms of the past fifty years! And Mr. Courtney remarks that unfortunately it has become too evident that in many cases the official return of expenditure represents but a portion of it.



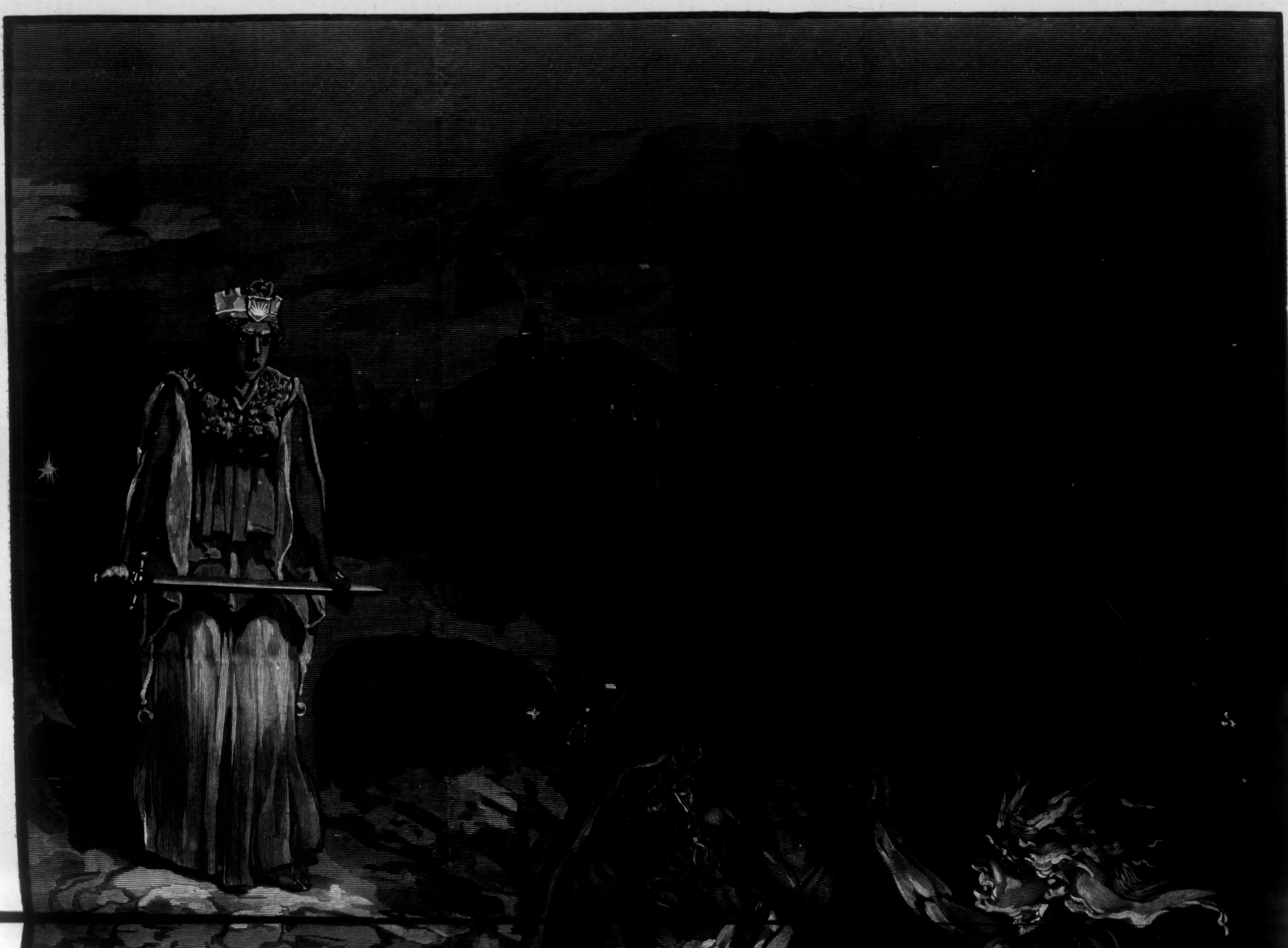
THE DEATH CALDRON AT HUNTER'S POINT.—[SEE PAGE 554.]

NEW YORK. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags,
What is't you do?
HAGS. A deed without a name.

Chorus of Hags. Round about the caldron go,
In the poison compounds throw;
For a charm of powerful trouble
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble!

Spread a nuisance everywhere;
With sludge acid load the air;
Send the stench through every street;
Mix death-vapors with the heat;

Make them strong, and foul, and thick;
Sicken the well, and kill the sick.
We can laugh at all their pains:
They get the smells—we get the gains!



A HUSBAND'S LECTURE.

"My dear," said the young husband, "do not fret
For just a simple tea-cup; do not scold
As if the cup were gold.
Dupay can make another like the set—
At least, so I've been told.

"Believe me, dear, that nothing in this life
Is worth your fretting for. Do as I do—
Be of the happy few
Who do not wear themselves away in strife:
Be calm—do as I do."

The placid master stood serenely o'er
His pet aquarium, watching its still life
So calm and void of strife
(The husband's hobby often is a bore,
E'en to a loving wife).

Just then a footman entered with a note,
And turning quickly, the aquarium fell.
Ah me! how shall I tell
How the fierce master the poor culprit caught,
And how he pulled the bell,

And called the man and maids, and banged the door,
Fretted and fumed in passionate regret,
And how his feet got wet,
And how the handsome carpet on the floor
Was ruined by his pet?

Meanwhile the wife, serene and calm and still,
Sat smiling in her chair. "My dear," she said,
"Where is your patience fled?
You should control yourself. There is no ill
Worth fretting for. Do as I do, instead."

No answer then. The wreck was all removed.
Then came this frank confession: "Lucy dear,
I have been wrong, I fear;
My poor lip patience is indeed reproved."
Then she drew kindly near,
And whispered something—what, I can not tell;
But ever since, the wife's small troubles find
A sympathetic mind.

DEATH AND HUNTER'S POINT.

Hunter's Point has become a centre of terror and disgust to the people of New York. For many years it has breathed out offensive odors such as were never tolerated in any Christian land. They are borne in heavy vapors across the river by the east wind; they settle in calms over the Sound and the islands. They cover with their miasmatic exhalations the crowded tenement-houses along Avenues B and C, and press onward until they make Madison and Fifth avenues unfit for human residences. During the past winter persons living near Fifth Avenue were driven from their homes by these noxious vapors. In the summer they become still more odious and offensive. They expel men from their rooms; they half stifle women, children, and the sick. Along the fine houses on Thirty-fourth Street there can be no peace for these odors. They reach sometimes up to Harlem, and even to the west side of the town. Happy the city of New York when the west wind blows, and the fumes of Hunter's Point are disseminated over Brooklyn and Long Island. Almost any other wind is fatal to it. East, south, or north, the smoke of the factories of soap, glue, and varnish, the scent of the fertilizers made of decayed fish, the heavy atmosphere of petroleum, the thick fumes of ammonia and various unknown compounds, fall upon the helpless citizens. They have no remedy. Sometimes the vile smell comes in the night with a change of wind, and the sleeper awakes to find himself half choked and breathless; sometimes the sickly odor hangs all day over the east side; it is always ready to spring upon us. No other city would tolerate for a moment such a scourge, and nowhere are health and ease so fatally neglected as in our misgoverned community.

Hunter's Point, odious for its smells, projects into the East River in the midst of marshes. Around, the land is low, and the tide once flowed over it. Newtown Creek, with its various branches, runs through the meadows. It is a railroad centre. Here the Long Island Railroad and the Woodhaven and Rockaway draw in their crowds, who press through the noxious odors to the sea. Back over the flat, unhealthy meadows, in almost a straight line, runs a street railroad of peculiar character to the gates of Calvary Cemetery. The avenue that leads to the cemetery, the scene of an almost endless succession of funerals, is left uncared for, and roughly laid out. The railway finally ends in a single track; the cars are rude as an Irish jaunting-car; the conductor boards them as they pass, and levies the fare. But for the visitor who wishes to explore the source of the Hunter's Point odors, this rude rail-car is the safest conveyance. He will be astounded at the sight of the number and variety of the nuisances. They line Newtown Creek as far as the eye can reach. The black foul stream that flows under bridges and along meadows, dark as Styx, and more dangerous, brings down the refuse of all the worst kind of factories. It is a curious seat of miasma and disease. The creek alone is sufficient to poison the air of the beautiful environs of Brooklyn, and send its malaria into the heart of New York. Some means must be found to cover it and convert it into a sewer. In its present condition it is a source of disease and death.

As you rattle on over the peculiar railway that runs parallel with the creek, even should the west wind blow, you become sensible of the foulness of the air. Tall chimneys rise along the stream, puffing out clouds of black smoke that descends and half stifles the visitor. Here a succession of petroleum works give out their oppressive odors; the sickly smell of the factory of fertilizers becomes conspicuous; the manure heaps that line the banks of the stream, the glue and varnish factories, the innumerable oil-works and other offensive pursuits that fill the neighborhood, soon show whence come the dangerous gases that are borne over the river to the tenement-houses and palaces of New York. No one who takes this ride along Newtown Creek can doubt that he has found their chief source. Hunter's Point convicts itself; Newtown Creek has only to be seen to be condemned. Last week our artist gave vivid sketches of the peculiar scenery of the noxious region. It is a series of chimneys pouring out their gases, and the river sending up its awful fumes. The visitor is seen steeped in the ammoniacal atmosphere, and the poisonous fog is just ready to be blown over into the sleeping-apartments of the city. The picture of the witches mixing their deadly draughts, in our present issue, represents forcibly the spirit of the scene. But no pencil nor pen can give any just conception of the reality. The flat and fetid marshes, the black stream slowly creeping to the shore, the noisome smoke, the crowd of noxious employments that have fixed their seat for miles along Newtown Creek, should be seen and studied by all friends of sanitary reform.

The Hunter's Point nuisances have been known and felt and hated for many years. The whole eastern side of the city has constantly remonstrated and complained. The city Board of Health has very laudably endeavored to remove them. The State Board of Health has ordered their abatement. The Governor of the State has issued his proclamation against them. But they still stand, almost as dangerous and odious as ever. Some improvement has been made in one or two of the oil works above the ferry. Possibly some greater care may be exercised in other factories not to outrage the public sense. But the majority of them still defy the law, and contaminate the air, earth, water as if there were no law. For more than ten years the people of New York have submitted to the fearful plague, have breathed the poisonous air sent them over the river from Hunter's Point, have lived in perpetual discomfort, and sometimes sunk in death before the pestilential fumes of their enemy. The effect of bad air and foul odors is first shown among the weak. The sick, in their hot rooms, pine and perish under their baleful breath. Children grow pale and languish; the mother sees her babe sicken and die in her arms, and feels that it is the foul air that has stifled it. The rich may close their dwellings and flee from the threatening plague, but for the poor in the east side tenement-houses there is no escape from these odious vapors. It is the working classes who are most interested in removing them. But year by year they grow in virulence, and are strengthened by neglect. The foul factories redouble their activity, the creek grows darker and viler, and Death aims his deadliest shafts from Hunter's Point at the children of New York.

Nearly all our cities have begun a work of sanitary reform. From Maine to Texas the spread of knowledge is shown in this labor for health. The chief aim of civic government will probably be in future how to provide for the health of cities. New Orleans has its sanitary association; Memphis has secured a system of purification; Boston is carrying its sewers to the sea, and almost every town and village has begun to study the laws of health, and apply them. But New York, that should be able to set the example to the country of the most rigid sanitary precautions, seems powerless against this great and threatening evil at Hunter's Point. The crowded city suffers because its rulers are without moral strength, and because a few avaricious manufacturers refuse to obey the law. It seems only a question of cost. There are chemical means by which smoke may be consumed, and the various kinds of refuse reduced to a harmless compound. Our city Board of Health, aided by the rage of the citizens, forced our gas factories to abate their noxious odors, and the rendering factories to become less offensive. There is no reason why the owners of the dangerous works at Hunter's Point should not be treated with equal severity. They are the scourges of New York, the enemies of the poor, the slayers of children and the weak. They have shown no mercy, and should receive none. The city owes it to its people that the laws should be rigidly enforced.

It would be well for the owners of the noxious works at Hunter's Point to take warning, and begin at once the suppression of offensive and dangerous odors, and the purification of Newtown Creek. The anger of the people is a formidable thing to encounter. The patience of the city is exhausted. The hot summer air comes laden with mephitic vapors; they are traced to the factories of Hunter's Point; disease and death flow from its poisonous atmosphere, and its stenches kill more certainly than the bullet or the sword. Let the laws be enforced, and New York no longer linger behind in this great work of sanitary progress.

Eugene Lawrence.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "Mary Anerley," "Lorna Doone," "Cripps, the Carrier," etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

JACK-O'-LANTERN.

John Sage had now been several weeks in Colonel Westcombe's service, giving and receiving the most lofty satisfaction. Without the warmest urgency on the part of the piscicapturists (for a fish is not to be called a fish now, and everything connected with him is a pisci-something), the Colonel never would have spared this wisest, and therefore best, member of the human race. But it had been felt on every side that John was the only one who could do it; and even at Touchwood Park it was whispered that old Sage was the first to put it into Master Dicky's head. But John, with a guinea in the lining of his waistcoat, took a view of all of them, and walked away in silence. For if so be he had boasted much, he could have done no less than stand treat.

He was perfectly capable now of standing treat, and might have had credit for a side of bacon at Betty Cork's shop in Christowell. But he shunned all extravagance, took his pint as usual, in exchange for good advice, and enjoyed his three-halfpenny rasher with his wife when he came home on Sundays to applaud Parson Short. And when he rode down the hill from Dartymore desert on the Colonel's old gray pony, there might have been found in front of him, by insidious search beneath his old hill coat, a bag of some capacity, not idly so endowed, but exerted to its utmost to contain good things. For he had advised the Colonel's cook how to fetch her sweetheart round, when hankering after less peppery charms; and the female heart excels the male, in being grateful *gratis*. And though the high principles of old John were far too prudent to accept the very sweetest essence of unlawful meat, and compelled him, indeed, to keep a sharp look-out that nobody else did such a thing, he found himself enabled, with all imaginable honesty, to secure some peaceful tributes to domestic virtue. The Colonel knew that he went forth in marching order on a Saturday, victualled for his camp that night, among the Pixies and the Kists, which demanded body, and spirit too, in the liquid half of nourishment. And the only reason old John had for putting his coat upon his bag as he rode into Christowell, and buying, in a public manner, that rasher for three-halfpence, was that if he failed to do so, the hospitable feeling of his neighbors would compel his wife to give a tea party as soon as ever his back was turned.

If ever a man deserved such things, and better than the best of them, John Sage used to feel that man inside his own shirt as he rode proudly down the hill. Full of the spirit of the moor (which always rushed upon him gloriously as soon as he was off it), he despised these people who had lain down here like a pack of cowards, asleep all night, and were coming out now, in their shirt sleeves, after being lathered by their wives—for the barber could not find soap for any one under a penny—to be shaved, and then (as if they had done a brave thing) would go back and blow the bellows till the kettle boiled. And all of these, when they looked at John, considering where he had passed the night, instead of being critical of what he had in front of him, were almost afraid to say, "Marnin' to 'e, maister."

In such a lofty character, there scarcely should have been a single vestige of conceit. And knowing what he was, he strove his utmost not to let other people know. But with the usual willfulness of Fame, the less he spoke, the more she blew his trumpet, until he could scarcely have his pipe in peace, and was obliged to bar the door before he filled it. And then he used to meditate upon his many dangers, and flourish his stick in self-defense, until he broke his pipe-stem. For Weist Tor, where he had to pass the night of almost every Saturday, was enough to make a man enjoy existence when he got away from it.

"Sage, I shall be glad to have a talk with you this evening," Mr. Short said, when he came out of church one fine Sunday in August, with the congregation drawn up outside for the secular postscript to his good church words. "Come up about seven o'clock if you can." This vicar, after learned and impartial research, had come to the definite conclusion that Sunday ended at 6 P.M.

John Sage thought it hard to go all that way, with his legs still bowed from so much saddle, and his supper by that time sure to be inside him. But his mind was up with admiration; for the sermon had not contradicted his opinions; and he saw that the parson meant no less than half a crown. So he promised to go, and in good time went, recalling to his mind that he never could have won his fine rise of wages without the parson's word. Moreover, he valued Mrs. Aggett highly, and he knew that excessive self-respect was the only power that could have stopped her from coming on a Sunday afternoon to gather sweet particulars about the cook at Westcombe. Therefore he opened the vicarage gate with a mind at once loyal and lofty.

"How famously you look, John!" Mr. Short observed, as soon as the wisdom of the village was shown in; "you have recovered all the substance of your wrestling days. You used to be a fine hand at it, I am told, with a trick of the inner crook of your own invention."

"Ay, sir, I have drowed a good few vormerly. But there bain't no wrastlin' fit to speak of now. Last time I went to see 'un I were compelled for to up sticks."

"I can understand the wrath of a scientific hand. They tell me it is come to a mere bout of kicking. But you were the champion at one time, Sage."

"No, sir; no. I wor not big enow for that. I could drow any man within two stun of me. But there used to be men as could take me up with one hand, and shake me like a handkercher. What use of playing with such men as them? But their mothers never bring forth such men now."

"I am afraid that is true," said Mr. Short, considering himself with sadness; "I fear that the Englishmen get smaller, like onions sown where they grew last year. But, John, let us come down from such great subjects. You are doing very nicely over there at Colonel Westcombe's?"

"Well, sir, I never complain. Vact is, I be too old to begin complaining."

"Did you ever leave off, John?" the parson asked, with a quick look, such as he gave them in church when he hit their thoughts with his own almost. They always liked this, because it showed that they were men; and now old John grinned—which he very seldom did, else would his fame have been far smaller. "A' maight be better, and a' maight be wuss."

"That means that it is as good as can be. And you know as well as I do, John, that you never had such a kind master before. Now if you take advantage of him, if you sit upon a stump and go to sleep, if you get too much into his back kitchen, or put too much into your bag on a Saturday night—"

"However did they rob you, maister? You be that sharp I should have thought it were not cumpuss."

"If you do such things as I have said, John Sage, you will not only lose the best place you ever had, but you will be a disgrace to Christowell, and to me who recommended you. I know that you are a very honest man; but I also know that very honest men begin to slide, under too much opportunity. Now when you come home on a Sunday morning, bring your bag like a man, without any coat over it."

"Passon, you be too bad; and a'most unlike a Christian, after all the holy things you be bound to think of, leastwise on the Sabbath-day. I never wud 'a drummed to you a' church this morning, if I cud 'a zeen the inside of your mind. I be dreescore year and five of age, and no importation on my karákter yet. And who is there as would come home across the moor wi'out a bit of zummat to the front of him?"

"Well, John, you know that I am speaking for your good. You bear a high character, and you deserve it. Whatever is given to you is your own—if the proper people give it. But bring it as your own, without concealment. That was the first thing I had to say to you. But I also have another thing, upon my own account. How often are you sent to pass the night at Weist Tor?"

"Sometimes once a week, sometimes twice—according to the weather, and the doings of the birds. But I wudn't baide alone there for a thousand pounds a'most. Joe cometh with me always."

"Yes, I know. Your son Bill's boy. Colonel Westcombe employs him, and it all helps up. You must have passed a dozen nights there by this time. Have you ever seen anything particular?"

"Sartin, sir. His honor had a door put up to keep the wind out, and us always goes together to look out afore bedding down upon the bathe. No, I never draw my money wi'out arning of it. Sometimes t'would be the moon, and another time the stars, or leastwise the clouds in front of 'un. And once 'twas Jack-o'-lantern, so sure as I be living!"

"Ah!" said Mr. Short, "that does seem odd. I have heard of him a hundred times, but never seen him. I would ride fifty miles to see that thing. You shall have a guinea, John, if you can put me up to it. I shall come and visit you some night when it is likely. But what did Jack-o'-lantern do that night you saw him? And did you go down to look after him?"

"The Lord forbid! Why, passon, you know as well as I do 'tis sartin death to volly 'un. No, no; us barred the door, and kept each other company. Joe be as brave a'most as I be."

"How long is it since you saw that sight, or peeped at it, and ran away, you brave generation?"

"Well, sir, maight 'a been a fortnight mainly. I don't keep no account of time, too partiklar. The Lord hath ordained for us martels not to do so, with our eyes looking forward to the Kingdom. But it wur of a Tuesday; that I be sure of, by reason of the time to kill the fowls."

"Tuesday is the day that a sheep is always killed. How many Tuesdays have you been there? Try to recollect; you are famous for your memory."

"Never of a Tuesday but that once. Nobody can put up they fowls but me wi'out a clack coming out o' their tongues. They be such a noisy set, to that side o' the moor. And once the good lady, that keepeth to her chamber, heer'd them a-gruntin', when it wur done badly, and his honor come out, and I told him they were vules, and cudn't administer kingdom come to a young cock with decency; and so he saith, 'You do it, then; John, you do it for the future time.' And I did sixteen on 'em, wi'out a murmur; and ever since then I has to do it. But happened one Tuesday they was to have a holiday, and that wur the night us seed Jack-o'-lantern."

"Very well, Sage. Now will you manage to do them early Tuesday next, unless they are to have another holiday? And then to be up on the hill that night, and I will come to you to see Jack-o'-lantern. If we see him, you shall have a guinea, and if we don't, you shall have a crown. Don't say a word of it to any one, unless your master gives you orders not to go. If he does that, just say that it is my particular wish that you should be there, and then he will be sure to let you come. But I don't want young Master John to know a word about it. If he did, he would insist on coming too."

"Sartin sure he wud. He be a push-about young gentleman. No, no, I wun't let un' hear tell of it. Passon Short, it shall be done ezakly to your bidding."

Any man who has not been on Weist Tor at night, or at any rate toward evening, might underrate the courage of John Sage and his grandson Joe in sleeping there. It is perfectly true that they barred the door and stopped their ears if they heard a noise which it was wiser to ignore than to inquire of; but still every right-minded person knows that if love laughs at locksmiths, a Power (too often supreme in love) ridicules the blacksmith too. Can any bolt or bar keep out the Devil?

There is not only this to be considered, but also the general tone of the place without such visitations. At any time of day this is very bad indeed, because there is nothing to enrich or even soften it. Somewhat as a man of rugged nature, or a roguish elephant, hardens into his own bad seams, from lack of female society. But when the night comes down from heaven, or deepens, without any sign of heaven, up the long hollows, and over the gray waste, fantastic things stand forth of shadow, and images of fear perplex the distance.

"Bravo! Here you are! Well done, my friends," Mr. Short exclaimed, for he was glad to see them, as the long day went to rest. "What a large place it is! I began to think that I should never find you."

"Good eyes be needed to find the biggest man as ever trod the earth, or the biggest thing he hath ever piled upon it, in the loose ways the land hath hereabout. Little Joe and me be like a pair of murmets, hurning about on a big tombstone. Passon, here be pulpits, and the word of God to preach from." John Sage put down the bone of ham that he was sucking, upon a kist-vaen, and gazed largely around.

"I have been here before," answered Mr. Short, who never would be capped with his own hat; "but one forgets this sort of place. Did you bring a bone for me, John?"

"Must needs be a dry one to agray with such as you, sir. But coom inzaide the little 'ouze, sir. A' be done winderful, winderful, golaightly."

"So it is. Very clever, very cumpuss, as you say; and with nicks in the rock for you to hide in, if the enemy beat down the bar. And here you sleep, on this sweet heather, as plum as any horse-hair. It might blow and rain for fifty hours, without a drop or a breath upon you. You have chosen your place well, with the scoop of the crag to shelter you, and the standing slabs for your side posts, and your little roof of furze and ling, the color of the rocks around. The pixies themselves could scarcely find you, unless you make a fire here. But where do you keep the pony, John?"

"Well, sir, he never wandereth far, unless the moor ponies comes a 'ticin' of 'un. But he hath a bed of 's own close by, under the big loggin stone. Us can hear him gruntin' as he drameth, and a' maketh rare company by night. But, passon, 'tis an unkid place, and requaireth a brave man, with the fear of the Lord around him, for to smooth his eyes to slape."

"You have had your supper, and you want your sleep," replied Mr. Short; for he never encouraged what he called "Psalmodic piety"; and he knew that all men who live under the sun must follow him with their inclinations. "Take little Joe inside, and bar the door. I shall want no help from you. But show me first where the Jack-o'-lantern was."

Old Sage saw that his courage was not held in very high esteem; but he felt within himself that it did not require any vindication. Therefore he was satisfied with showing by some general signs where the dancing light had shone; and then, to keep all blame away, he called his grandson to hear him say: "The Lord have mercy upon thee, passon! Thou bee'st a minister of Him. If thy horders draiveth thee to vollow up the Evil One, us will come and zee when thou hast catched 'un." With these liberal sentiments, he pulled his head in, and barred the door.

Mr. Short had inherited much from his grandfather, the Admiral, of even greater value than the *Victory* chronometer. Among the best of these things was sturdy courage and strong love of justice, both of which seem to be evaporating now into clouds of magnanimity. The parson sat down in a square niche of rock, which fitted him better than if made to measure, and from the pockets of his shooting-coat, which was made of stout dark fustian, he drew forth some little things he had prepared, with a hope that they might prove useful. There was no kind of fire-arm among them, nor even what was then called a "life-preserver"; but there was a running noose of supple round leather, and some strong silk rope from his own window-curtains, and a steel chain ending with a short spring-loop. He considered these a little, and arranged them so that he could pull out whichever of them first was needed; and then making up his mind for some hours of patience, lit his pipe, and calmly watched the deepening of the darkness.

Not even a sheep or a dump of a pony broke the contracting gloom before him with a spot of movement. Down the hill-side, slabs of granite tilted against one another, or leaning out of the earth, or piled like tombstones in pictures of the Resurrection, glanced the faint descent of light still overlapping the western crest, upon which the cumbrous tor was losing its jagged blackness in the growth of night. The restless wind, that ruffles the scanty herbage there by daytime, and bares the edges of desolation, after a few weak moaning shivers, sank into the universal calm; and there was not even the twinkle of a star to mar the dark brown depth of night. "If ever he wanted his lantern, he will want it now," thought Mr. Short. "But how deadly cold the air is getting!"

He arose and flapped his strong round breast with thickset arms and solid hands, and then walked to and fro for half an hour on a narrow track of safety at the bottom of the tor. Below this yawned a great rock circle, of the kind that is called "Druidical," though probably quite as true a work of nature as a fairy ring is. To rush through this in the darkness would be to tempt at least a broken leg, and he had marked his track, to the right or left, before the gloom became so deep. Also he had brought a strong oak staff to feel his way down the hill, and to assure it, for his chief fear was of bogs. But these are either slightly luminous or else intensely black upon a summer night like this. Whatever he did, he must preserve his presence of mind, and walk with care.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MIDHAT PASHA.

THE solemn farce called "the trial of the murderers of Abdul-Aziz" has ended, as it was designed to end, with the condemnation of the accused. The *mise en scène* was admirable. In the imperial park of Yildiz Kiosk, beneath an oval tent of the green color sacred to the Prophet, sat a white-bearded ulema in a black robe and snow-white turban, with two Mussulman and two Christian assessors. Facing the bench of judges sat, each guarded by a common soldier, the ten prisoners, consisting of two professional wrestlers and a watchman, two brothers-in-law of the reigning Sultan, two high functionaries, and three officers of the guard. Nothing was wanting to give reality to the scene. There was a public prosecutor who played at prosecuting for murder, there were judges who played at administering justice, witnesses who played (very badly) at speaking the truth, and some prisoners—the low comedians of the piece—who played at confessing their guilt. A spectator might really have fancied himself at a state trial. Yet in fact there was no question of assassination or of assassins, but a struggle between two men, the Sultan Abdul-Hamid and Midhat Pasha—between the king and the king-maker.

We can dismiss the other prisoners in a few words. Mahmoud, the husband of the Sultan's sister Djemile, is described as a portly and very handsome man. Nouri, the husband of the Sultan's half-sister Fatme, is of delicate build and polished manner. Had the accusation been for the deposition of the late Sultan Abdul-Aziz, these members of the imperial house would have made revelations which would have involved danger to the present Vizier, Said Pasha, who was deeply in the confidence of two of the leading conspirators, Hussein Avni and Mahmoud. The chief prisoner, Midhat, requires a longer notice; his career has been a brilliant one, and he is that strange creature—a reforming Turk.

Born in the year 1822, Midhat became, in his twenty-third year, secretary of a commission for the amelioration of the provinces. His next office was to inquire into the finances of Syria. He then became Governor of Roumelia, where he put down brigandage in a decisive manner, hanging the bandits and their supporters by hundreds. Equal success and equal severity marked his rule in Bulgaria in 1857, where he effectually crushed the incipient insurrection. In 1860 he became Pasha of Prisrend, and introduced reforms which the Porte resolved to extend to all the provinces. In consequence Midhat was appointed a member of the Grand Council, and in conjunction with Fuad and Ali Pashas, drew up the law which separated the Judicatory from the Executive, and organized administrative councils, to which Christians were for the first time admitted. After another term of three years in Bulgaria, during which he built two thousand miles of road and fifteen hundred bridges, and established three schools of arts and manufactures, he became, in 1866, President of the Council of State. But the Porte did not desire to keep a man of his intelligence in a place of such power at Constantinople, and he was soon sent away to pacify the province of Bagdad. From this post he was recalled to assume the elevated functions of Grand Vizier. He held them for a very short period. Abdul-Aziz was then anxious to change the Turkish order of succession. The custom had been that the eldest male of the imperial family ascended the vacant throne; the Sultan wished to make his own son, Jussuf Yzzedin, his successor. Midhat opposed the scheme, and fell by a palace intrigue. But he had his revenge. In 1876 his energy and resolution succeeded in solemnly deposing the Sultan. Murad, the ex-monarch's brother, a gentle and inoffensive man, was made Padishah, and his elevation was such a surprise to him that he went mad. It was necessary to depose him, and replace him by a timid young man named Abdul-Hamid—an operation which Midhat promptly performed.

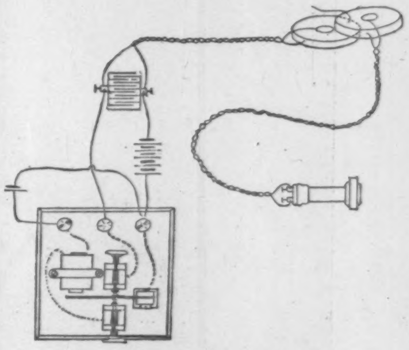
Proud of his triumph, Midhat was vain enough to fancy he could manage his young pupil. For a few months all went on smoothly. But the good young man, Abdul-Hamid, with the long face of Armenian type, and the gracious and feline manner, was much more the lion than the lamb. One fine morning Midhat was arrested in his bed, placed on board a ship, and advised to go and study European constitutions. He proceeded to Paris and London, where he was received with great distinction. It is incredible to what extent he forced his way into the political and fast society of the French capital. In London, his opinions were listened to with consideration, and his prestige increased daily. The Sultan began to take alarm. Exile had elevated Midhat even in the eyes of the Turks. Midhat was invited to return. He arrived at Constantinople, and was received with every mark of affection, and sent to govern the province of Syria.

When Cæsar Borgia invited his enemies to a feast of reconciliation, and poisoned them at the dinner table, Macchiavelli said that they were rightly served, as the world had no use for men who were such fools as to trust a Borgia. What would the Italian statesman have thought of a Turk who trusted himself to a Sultan who owed to him his throne? While the Pasha was lulled into fallacious security, the Sultan was preparing the formidable accusation which has ended in the exile of Midhat to the Hedjaz.

SEARCHING FOR THE BULLET.

THE experiments made by Professor Alexander Graham Bell with the view of determining by the aid of the electric current the location of the bullet in the President's person were of the most interesting nature. The possibility that a time might come when it would be necessary to make incisions at once for the removal of the bullet, without consuming precious time for further consultation, gave to the experiments an importance which added greatly to their interest.

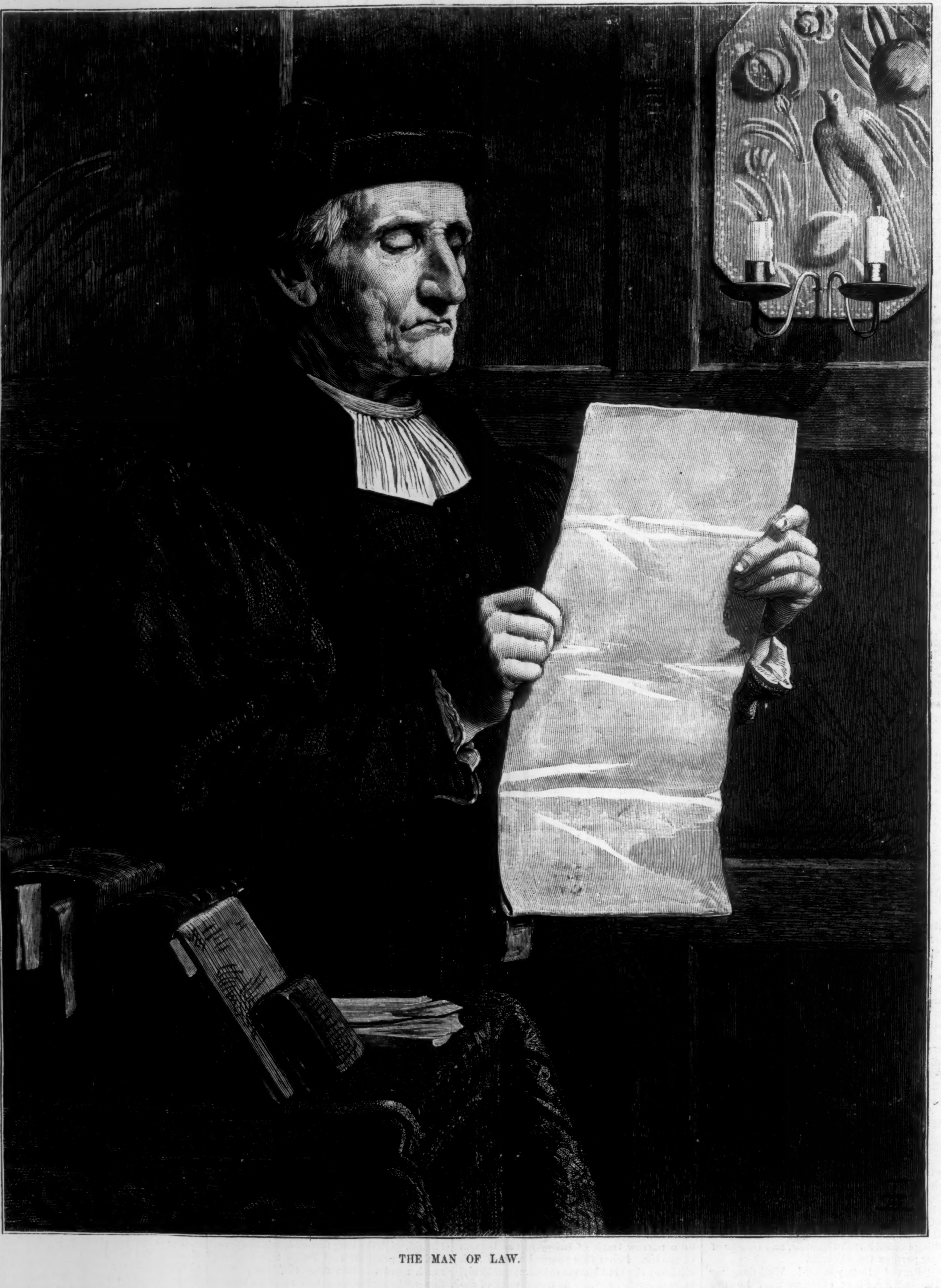
An apparatus known as the induction [illegible]ance had been used by Professor Be[illegible] analyzing metals. This instrument, m[illegible]fied so as to impart to it the highest degree of sensitiveness, was used in the search for the leaden ball. Its nature is such that it is not easily understood except by electricians. It consists of a battery, two coils of insulated wire, a circuit-breaker, and a telephone. The ends of the primary coil are connected with a battery, and those of the secondary coil are fastened to the posts of the telephone. This latter connection renders audible any faint sound produced by the circuit-breaker, or any change in the pitch of that sound. The coils may be so placed in their relations to each other that no sound is made by the circuit-breaker. They are then said to be balanced, and the wires are extremely sensitive to the disturbing presence of any other piece of metal. A bullet like that with which the President was shot, before it was flattened, will, when placed within two and one-half inches of the most sensitive point on the pair of coils, cause a faint protest against the disturbance to arise in the telephone. A flattened bullet of the same bulk, when presented with its flat surface toward the coils, will make its presence felt at a distance of nearly five inches. When its sharp edge is turned toward the plane of the coils, no sound is produced beyond the distance of one inch.



THE INSTRUMENT IN DETAIL.

With these facts in view, the experiments to locate the position of the bullet in the President's body were begun. The patient was bolstered up in bed, and he watched the proceedings with mute interest. His physicians stood around. Professor Bell stood with his back toward the President, holding the telephone to his ear, while Mr. Taintor, Professor Bell's assistant, moved the coils over that portion of the abdomen where the leaden ball was thought to be imbedded. When the sensitive centre of the instrument was immediately over the black and blue spot that appeared shortly after the President was wounded, Professor Bell said, "Stop! there it is."

The experiment was repeated several times—once with Mrs. Garfield listening at the telephone; and she told the President when the coils had been brought to the spot where the presence of the bullet had previously caused the delicate instrument to give forth a singing sound. From these tests it was inferred that in any event the bullet was less than five inches from the surface, and that if it was only slightly flattened, or if its edge was turned obliquely toward the surface, it might be much nearer to the skin. The conclusion reached was that if it should become necessary to remove the bullet at any time, this might be speedily accomplished by two quick cuts with the surgeon's lancet.



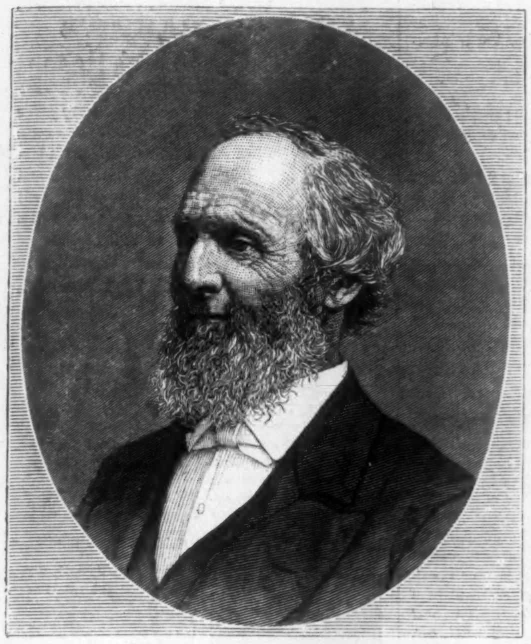
THE MAN OF LAW.

THE LATE BISHOP HAVEN.

THE Rev. ERASTUS OTIS HAVEN, D.D., LL.D., one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died on the 2d of August, at Salem, Oregon. He was born in Boston, Massachusetts, November 1, 1820. He was a graduate of Wesleyan University, and took his degree of A.B. in 1842. His first appointment as a teacher was in Amenia Seminary, where he remained until 1848. The four succeeding years of his life were spent in the pastorate; during part of this time he was in charge of the Mulberry Street Church, New York, now St. Paul's. In 1853 he was elected Professor of Latin in the University of Michigan; this chair was exchanged in the following year for that of Rhetoric and English Literature. Dr. HAVEN was next made editor of *Zion's Herald*, Boston, and continued in editorial life from 1856 to 1863. While editing that paper he served a term as State Senator, and was Chairman of the Joint Legislative Committee on Education, and was also a member of the State Board of Overseers of Harvard University.

From 1863 to 1869 he was President of Michigan University; in the latter year he accepted the Presidency of the Northwestern University, at Evanston, Illinois. In the General Conference of 1872, Dr. HAVEN was a prominent candidate for the office of Bishop; he was elected by that Conference Secretary of the Board of Education; in 1874 he was elected Chancellor of Syracuse University, which office he held until his election as Bishop in 1880. During his Chancellorship the University had $150,000 added to its permanent funds. Dr. HAVEN was a member of the General Conferences of 1860, 1868, 1872, and 1876. He was Chairman of the Committee on Lay Delegation in the General Conference which provided for the introduction of that change in the Church.

Bishop HAVEN was a man of large experience. He was well ripened in mind and character, was a scholar of very various acquisitions, and a sagacious executive officer. His published works are, *The Young Man Advised*, *Pillars of Truth*, and *Rhetoric*. The last-named is a work that shows great



THE LATE BISHOP HAVEN.

scholarship and extensive acquaintance with literature. His contributions to the periodical literature of the Methodist Church have been very numerous.

Bishop **HAVEN** was a fine preacher and speaker. In person he was spare but lithe, and showed the evidence of mental thought at the expense of physical exercise. He was very genial and courteous, and as gentle in his manner as a child, and his heart was moved only by love and justice; but he was as firm as a rock in principle and duty. He was a cousin of the late Bishop **GILBERT HAVEN**.

During his last illness he was attended by Mrs. **HAVEN**, his son, **THEODORE W. HAVEN**, and the family of the Rev. **J. N. DENISON**, at whose home in Salem, Oregon, he was a guest. One of his last letters, and possibly the last, was written to Bishop **W. L. HARRIS**. It was as follows:

SALEM, OREGON, *July* 21, 1881.

MY DEAR BISHOP HARRIS,—I feel it a duty to communicate to you, and through you to my brother Bishops, a description of my present condition. I therefore dictate to my son THEODORE this letter. About the last of June I had several attacks of ague and fever, which soon developed into a regular run of bilious remittent fever, complicated by kidney trouble, which gave me intense pain and prostration. These have yielded to good medical treatment. The fever seems to have expended itself, and the doctor assures me that I am certainly gaining in strength, and will soon be well again. But this fever here is often called the relapsing fever, and the final restoration of thorough health is almost always the result of long, patient waiting.

I have provided for the holding of the Columbia River Conference, and hope to ordain their candidates, if there shall be any. The doctor tells me I will probably be able to go to East Portland, and preside at the Oregon Conference. Perhaps the Lord will help me to take care of the California and Southern California Conferences. But I confess Nevada frightens me, and I am afraid, if it depends on me, it will have no President. Should I be able to reach Central New York, I hope a brother Bishop will be there to aid me. These are the facts.

Allow me now to add that during every moment of my physical illness the Lord has consciously been with me, and I have had a peaceful assurance that He is mine, and I am His. May the Lord bless you all! I am, my dear brother and brethren, yours in the love of Christ, and in the care of all our churches.

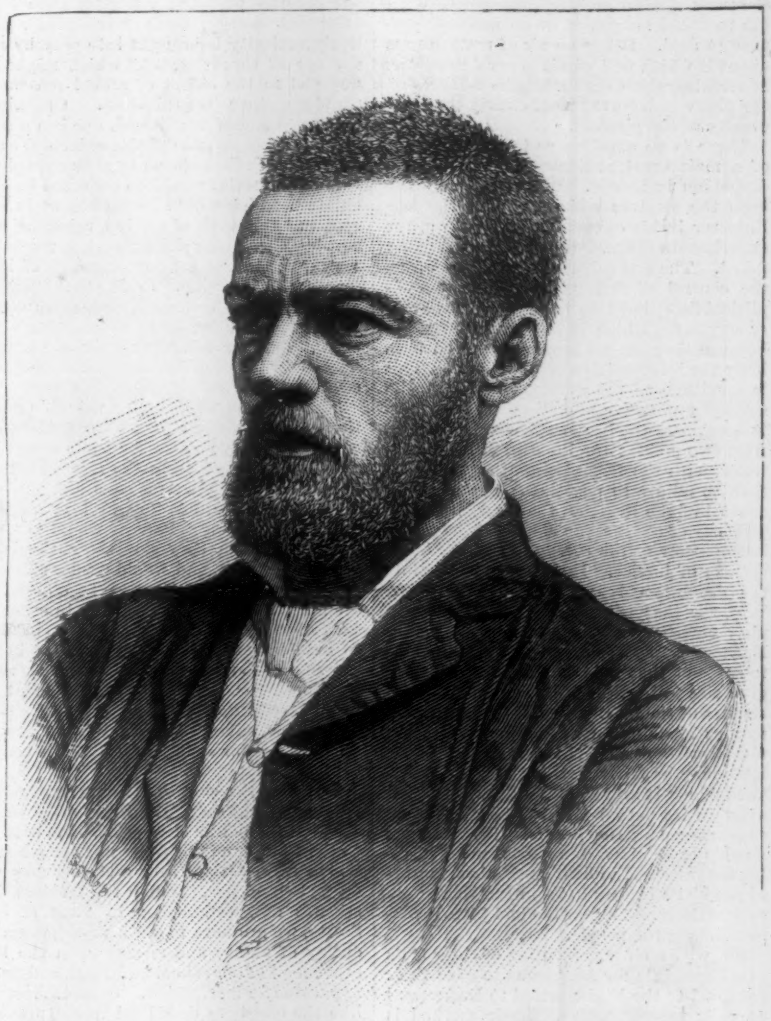
E. O. HAVEN, per T. W. H.

P.S.—I feel very, very weak this afternoon. The fever is all gone.

E. O. H.

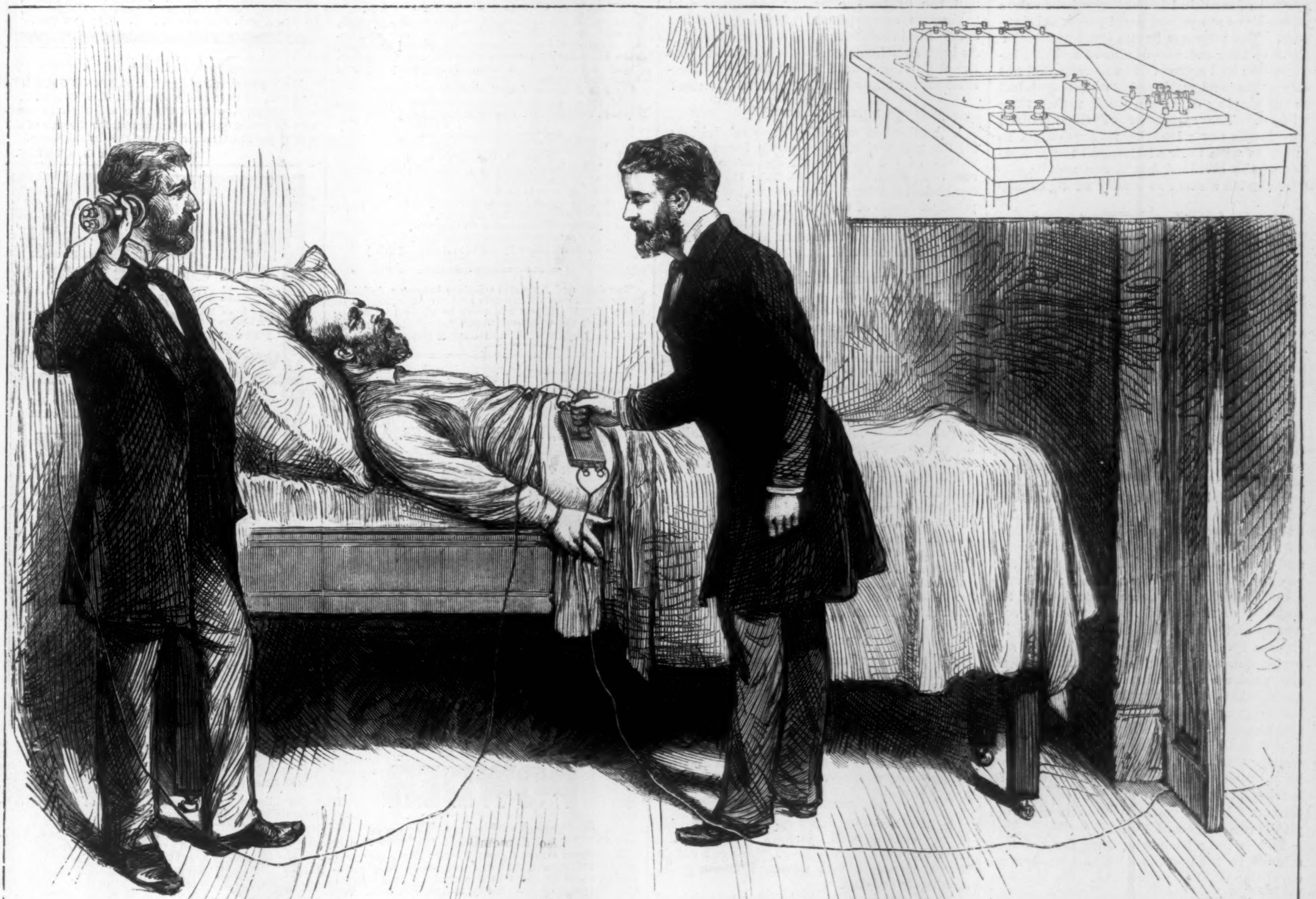
After this letter was written, Bishop **HAVEN** failed rapidly, and Bishop **HARRIS** was informed that his condition was critical, and was asked to provide for the California and Nevada Conferences.

LEO HARTMANN, NIHILIST.



LEO HARTMANN.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY MCCAFFREY.

LEO HARTMANN, a young Russian who was prominently engaged in the attempt to take the life of the Czar in November, 1879, is in this country. He is a member of the chief committee of the extreme wing of the Nihilist party in his own country, and he is commissioned by the leaders of the party to enlighten the people of Europe and the United States in regard to the purposes, the methods, and the motives of the Nihilists, and to ask aid for them. For that purpose he has published in the *Herald* a long and minute account of the attempted assassination of the Czar, accompanied by a statement of the facts which, he considers, justify the policy to which he has committed himself. This remarkable document is very fairly written, in a style of considerable simplicity and force, with but little attempt at eloquence, and indicates more than ordinary intelligence,



THE WOUNDED PRESIDENT—ASCERTAINING THE LOCATION OF THE BULLET.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. SHINKLE.—[SEE PAGE 555.]

clearness of mind, and self-possession. With the personal narrative we do not now propose to deal. It has an air of truthfulness about it which will win it general credence. It certainly does not soften the features of the plot which betray most clearly the great cruelty of the plotters.

There is no question as to the existence of a most cruel, arbitrary, and oppressive despotism in Russia. Whatever may have been the motives which inspired the late Emperor in his experiments of reform, the experiments themselves have almost wholly failed. The emancipation of the serfs from the control of their masters is an accomplished fact; but they have passed to another servitude, which is all the more galling because they are no longer protected from it by the interposition of their lords. This is servitude to the government and to its corrupt, oppressive, and all-powerful agents. It dominates the life of the common people from two points: the imposition of onerous taxes, with the fearful penalties which attach to failure to pay them; the arbitrary control of the liberties, the person, and the property of the Russian subject through the insufficiency or the corruption of the institutions of justice. From these two points the despotism is absolute in its power. Whether that power is exercised as completely without restraint or compunction as HARTMANN says that it is, it is impossible to say, but that it is exercised in a way to give rise to horrible injustice, to many instances of the most poignant distress, to numerous abominations of cruelty which are almost without name, there is no doubt. Its force may be fairly measured by the resistance which it arouses. Nihilism could not exist in its actual form without a strong support among the people. That support would not be given to a movement so openly desperate and violent as this is acknowledged by its leaders to be, unless there were very serious and extensive and just discontent among the people.

But with a clear perception of these facts it is impossible for Americans to give their approval to the Nihilists and to HARTMANN as their representative. Their method is wild and wicked. It is avowed terrorism. They seek to "disorganize" the government by the murder of its head and by that of the more prominent agents. But tyranny is not easily disarmed by fear, least of all by bodily fear, while it is hardened and confirmed by the resentment which violence awakes, and the sympathy of a large proportion of mankind is challenged for rulers whose lives are passed amid perpetual dangers. The response to the cruel murder of the late Czar was one of almost uniform indignation and sorrow. It was regarded not as the deserved punishment of a despot, but as the slaying of a man weak rather than wicked. The sympathy of the civilized world was not with the revolutionists so much as with their victim, and the sympathy of the civilized world can not be dismissed with a sneer as wholly wrong or misguided.

THE PUBLIC-SCHOOL MUSEUMS OF BELGIUM.

LAST year the Belgian Minister of Public Instruction conceived the excellent project of placing all the teachers of the public schools in friendly competition in the work of collecting, classifying, and arranging small museums of natural objects for the use of their schools. Further on is given a table translated from a French journal, which shows the nature and extent of the collections entered for examination. It affords valuable hints for our public-school teachers and Boards of Education generally. Material for "object teaching" is what our schools greatly need, especially in rural districts, where the tax-payers feel that they have answered every demand of free education when they have built school-houses and appropriated sufficient money yearly to pay the salaries of their teachers; and very often, indeed, this is a severe strain upon the majority of the people. Yet modern progress in methods of education constantly increases its demands. Every school of any pretension to excellence must have at least the nucleus of a library, Webster's Unabridged, and an encyclopædia, and some teaching apparatus besides a blackboard and chalk. Enterprising teachers and pupils organize "exhibitions" to supply this want. The work begun in Belgium shows how, by awakening the proper interest in teachers, schools may be dignified and improved. In this country efficient aid from pupils can be counted upon.

It has long been a custom for country schools to take walks with the teacher on exceptionally fine afternoons. On the first lovely day of spring, teachers are importuned for this treat, but, mindful of the value of time, it is rarely granted. Such a season is spent in running about in wood and field hunting flowers, birds' nests, etc., but without definite purpose; yet what a fund of muscular energy, fresh intelligence, and lively curiosity is brought into play by every one of these "walks," which might be directed to the object of school museums. Children love organization. Organized plays and games, where each one has a definite thing to do in a definite order and way, possess an endless charm to young people.

Much material would be collected by the children which would be useless or in excess, but the work of sorting, rejecting the surplus, classifying and arranging, would be very pleasant, and every moment of it a season of instruction. Seeing that teachers and pupils were in earnest, tax-payers would not be slow or stingy in voting money for cases, tables, or whatever appliances were needed for the proper arrangement and preservation of the collections.

The children would make valuable additions to such collections at home, when off committee duty; gems for "our museum" would be rescued from the accumulations of potsherds, old tin fruit cans, and rubbish generally which finds its way into farm or garden waste pits. Parents would become interested when they saw the enthusiasm of their children, and would render efficient aid. Fathers who are so often obliged to practice the most rigid economy in order to save enough money to send their children to outside schools, because those at home are so inferior, would see in a work thus instituted the promise of improvement in home institutions of learning, and the possibility of saving outside tuition, except where a regular college or university course could be compassed.

Through the ever-increasing interest in education, and especially in public schools, through the better class of teachers coming to the front from our State normal schools, which train teachers for a calling now reduced to a science, through the teachers' institutes now established in most of our States, we are sure to see a more generous outlay of money and energy upon the improvement of our school buildings, and upon apparatus for instruction. School museums like the one here described would prove a grand stimulus to the friends of education.

Nothing is easier than to inspire young folks with the passion for making collections. Kindle enthusiasm by commencing the work, and it spreads rapidly. It may be said that the collecting mania soon dies, but this is hardly true. The postage-stamp mania is hardly dead yet among children, and the button-collecting passion is still raging in some places. Besides, museum collecting is something dignified and useful. As long as schools continue, a museum like the following would afford tangible illustrations for classes in the natural sciences:

MINERAL KINGDOM.

1. A collection embracing three subdivisions, (*a*) the principal kinds of earths found in the vicinity of the school, with specimens of the rock from which they were formed; (*b*) the principal mineral substances of the locality; (*c*) the principal fossils of the locality.

2. A collection of some fifty specimens of ores, the metals obtained from them, also combustible and lithoidal minerals.

VEGETABLE KINGDOM.

3. For each of the three departments of the schools a herbarium complemented by one or two cases of such natural specimens as are not admissible in the herbarium proper—objects designed to illustrate a graded series of plants and organs of plants for pupils to examine and analyze. The collection for the primary department embraced the essential organs of a plant—root, stem, leaf, flower, also the fruit and the seed, each named and described; that for the intermediate department embraced a more complete analysis of the essential organs, the study of a dozen plants chosen as types of important families; and that for the highest department the same material for a more extensive study and analysis of a larger number of plants.

4. A large case filled with natural specimens for the systematic study of roots, germination, inflorescence, fructification, etc.

5. A large herbarium embracing three departments—the edible plants of the region, plants used in the industries, and poisonous plants.

ANIMAL KINGDOM.

6. Specimens of certain parts of mammiferous animals designed to complete the notions acquired from pictures or models—hide, fur, hoofs, teeth, etc.

7. An entomological collection showing the perfect insect, the essential parts or organs of the insect, its various metamorphoses, etc.

8. A collection of mollusk shells and marine plants found on the North Sea coast of Belgium.

TECHNOLOGY.

9. A collection of woods used in the industries of the country, each specimen presenting the bark, the wood in the rough, the wood cut in several directions with reference to the grain, and highly polished.

10. A collection of the building materials of the region.

11, 12, and 13. Collections representing the various phases of the preparation of flax, wool, and cotton, with samples of their chief products.

14. A collection of materials used in the ceramic art, with samples of pottery.

15 and 16. Collections illustrating the fabrication of glass and paper.

17, 18, and 19. Collections for instruction in metallurgy.

20. A case presenting the various methods of grafting the pear, and the principles of pruning the tree.

This, of course, was one of the finest collections made, and that by teachers of some distinction; but it affords a plan for commencing—a working model, as it were. Few of our schools, perhaps, could at first make so full a collection; but they could make a good start on this plan, and aid would come from a thousand unexpected quarters. Let the work begin with the pleasant days of April and May.

A GREAT ADVANCE IN DENTISTRY.

SINCE the manufacture of porcelain teeth by the French, and the subsequent improvement obtained by a few American dentists in 1833, in which the porcelain were made to more perfectly resemble the natural teeth, no marked change has taken place in the adaptation of artificial teeth to the mouth. By a new process, called the "Richmond Crown Setting," it is now possible to affix artificial teeth without the aid of a plate upon any root firm in its socket. The new process marks a radical advance in the art, for, by its use, no tooth need ever be extracted. The "Richmond Crown Setting" when attached to the root has all the characteristics of a natural tooth in solidity, beauty, and cleanliness, and cannot be detected as artificial by the most expert. During the past six years there have been three thousand of these crowns set, all giving the greatest satisfaction. The new method is patented both in the United States and Europe, and is the property of Drs. RICHMOND and SHEFFIELD, 26 West 32d Street, New York.

Every case is guaranteed a perfect success, and the best references given.—[*Adv.*]

FANNY MORANT.

MESSRS. RIKER & SON: 202 W. 44th Street.

Gentlemen,—I take much pleasure in recommending your American Face Powder. It is without exception the finest and most effective that I have ever seen. Very respectfully,

—[*Com.*] FANNY MORANT.

TRY HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

Instead of lemons or limes in your acid drinks. It is more healthful, and quenches the thirst more effectually than either.—[*Adv.*]

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER,
When used in the bath or at the toilet, purifies, softens, and whitens the skin; refreshes, invigorates, and imparts a delightful sensation of coolness and buoyancy, at the same time diffusing a charming and lasting fragrance of rare exotic flowers. It is greatly superior to Eau de Cologne.

LANMAN & KEMP, New York, Sole Proprietors.

Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. Wholesale Depot in London, No. 7 Snow Hill.—[*Adv.*]

BABY'S WARNING.

When baby has pains at dead of night,
Mother in a fright, father in a plight;
When worms do bite, baby must cry,
If fever sets in, baby may die.
If croupy pains kill Leonora,
In that house there's no Castoria,
For mothers learn without delay,
Castoria cures by night and day.—[*Adv.*]

TEN drops of Angostura Bitters impart a delicious flavor to all cold drinks and prevent all summer Diseases. Try it and you will never be without it: but be sure to get the world-renowned Angostura, manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.—[*Adv.*]

STUTTERING cured by Bates' Appliances. Send for description to SIMPSON & Co., Box 2236, N.Y.-[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

Made from Grape Cream Tartar.—No other preparation makes such light, flaky hot breads, or luxurious pastry. Can be eaten by dyspeptics without fear of the ills resulting from heavy, indigestible food. Sold only in cans, by all Grocers.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., New York.

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY ACADEMY,
Chester, Pa., opens September 14. Degrees conferred.
COL. THEO. HYATT, President.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of oil has been removed. It is a delicious drink, nourishing and strengthening; easily digested; admirably adapted for invalids as well as persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO.,
Dorchester, Mass.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS,
UNION SQUARE.

SHERRIES, Pale, Dry, Fruity, &c., &c.
HOCKS, Burgundies, Clarets, Sauternes, &c., &c.
CHAMPAGNES, Dry or Fruity, Esteemed Varieties.
COGNACS, in Demijohns and Bottles.
GIN, Holland imported in Jugs.
MARMALADE, Jams, &c. Jas. Keiller & Son, Dundee.
FRUITS GLACÉS, also Preserves, Prunes without stones.
BISCUITS, Alberts and Waters, Middlemass, Edinburgh.

Edson Electro-Magnetic Garter
CURES NEURALGIC PAINS, RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, CRAMPS, etc. DEVELOPS the LEG, ANKLE and FOOT, strengthening the limbs, adds MARVELLOUS GRACE AND ELASTICITY TO THE STEP, and puts an end to ILL-SHAPEN and DWARFED LIMBS. Substantially made of best SILK, SATIN OR COTTON WEBBING. Beautiful in appearance.

PRICES: One inch, all Silk or Satin, French Elastic Webbing (usual colors), Ladies', $1.50; Men's, $2 Misses', $1; Children's (very soft and elastic), 75 cents. English Elastic Cotton Webbing (one inch wide), Ladies', $1 Men's, $1.25; Misses', 75 cents. Sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of Postal Money Order or Registered Letter. Send for circular. LONDON ELECTRIC FABRIC CO., 144 Duane St., N. Y. P. O. Box 4048.

Universally prescribed by the Faculty.

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative and refreshing Fruit Lozenge for Constipation, bile, headache, hemorrhoids, cerebral congestion, &c.
Prepared by E. GRILLON, Sole Proprietor, Pharmacien de 1re Classe de la Faculté de Paris, 27, rue Rambuteau, Paris.
Sold by all Chemists and Druggists.
75 cents the box.

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE BEST Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. Beware of counterfeits and imitations similarly put up. For sale by druggists, grocers, liquor merchants, and L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent, 78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.

NOTICE.

Having reorganized our **PATTERN DEPARTMENT**, we have assigned to MR. J. G. CROTTY, 62 Cliff Street, New York City, the sole right to establish Agencies, on his own account, for the sale of our Cut Paper Patterns throughout the United States.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

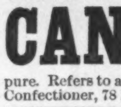
KIDNEY-WORT

The Only Remedy
That Acts at the Same Time on
The Liver, The Bowels and The Kidneys
This combined action gives it wonderful power to cure all diseases.
Why Are We Sick?
Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT WILL CURE

Biliousness, Piles, Constipation, Kidney Complaints and Diseases, Weaknesses and Nervous Disorders.
by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.
Why Suffer Bilious pains and aches!
Why tormented with Piles, Constipation!
Why frightened over disordered Kidneys!
Why endure nervous or sick headaches!
Why have sleepless nights!
Use KIDNEY WORT *and rejoice in health. It is a dry, vegetable compound and* One package will make six qts of Medicine. *Get it of your Druggist, he will order it for you. Price,* $1.00.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors,
(Will send post paid.) Burlington, Vt.

CANDY Send $1, $2, $3, or $5 for a sample retail box by express of the best Candies in America, put up elegantly and strictly pure. Refers to all Chicago. Address C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 78 Madison St., Chicago.



First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.
C. WEIS { Manufacturer of Meerschaum Goods.
Wholesale and Retail. Send for Circular to 399 Broadway. Factories, Vienna and 69 Walker Street, N. Y.

SHAVING MADE EASY!
VROOM & FOWLER'S SHAVING SOAP
Gives a quick, soft, lasting lather.
Packet by mail on receipt of twenty cents.
C. H. RUTHERFORD, 26 Liberty St., N.Y.

PURE SUGAR.

By a recent invention, starch or corn sugar (more generally known as *glucose*), heretofore quite extensively used by confectioners, brewers, etc., has been made sufficiently dry and white so that it can be powdered and mixed with yellow sugars. It raises the standard of color largely, but not being so sweet reduces the saccharine strength, making it necessary to use more of the article to attain the usual degree of sweetness. Large quantities of this mixture are now being made and sold under various brands, but all of them, so far as we are aware, bear the words " New Process " in addition to other brands.

As refiners of cane sugar, we are, in view of these facts, liable to be placed in a false position before the public, as the results of analysis of sugar bought indiscriminately, will seem to confirm the false and malicious statements of interested persons, who alleged it was the common practice of the leading refiners to mix glucose with their sugars. While not intimating that a mixture of glucose and cane sugar is injurious to health, we do maintain that it defrauds the innocent consumer of just so much sweetening power. In order, therefore, that the public can get sugar pure and in the condition it leaves our refineries, we now put it up in barrels and *half barrels*.

Inside each package will be found a guarantee of the purity of the contents as follows:

We hereby inform the public that our refined sugars consist solely of the product of raw sugars refined. Neither Glucose, Muriate of Tin, Muriatic Acid, nor any other foreign substance whatever is, or ever has been, mixed with them. Our Sugars and Syrups are absolutely unadulterated.

Affidavit to the above effect in New York papers of November 18th, 1878.

Consumers should order from their grocer, sugar in our original packages, either half or whole barrels.

Consider well the above when purchasing sugar for preserving purposes.

HAVEMEYERS & ELDER,
DECASTRO & DONNER REFINING CO.
117 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

BEAUTY IN DRESS.

By MISS OAKEY.

16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

There are few women who would not improve their toilet by studying Miss Oakey's advice and carrying it out. Her book is a philosophic and comprehensive treatise upon a difficult and deeply interesting subject. —*Philadelphia North American.*

In this admirable little work, which we would recommend to all of the fair sex, the authoress gives not only general information in regard to the colors that may properly be worn by fair women and dark, but she carefully classifies the types of women, and gives receipts for a complete outfit of gowns for each type, not omitting the decorative effects of fancy stockings and shoes, handkerchiefs, jewels, and flowers.—*Commercial Bulletin*, Boston.

This is a choice little volume for the ladies. * * * It lifts the idea of feminine dress out of the domain of caprice, and shows how to make it accord with the laws of form and color. * * * Every lady should have it.—*Zion's Herald*, Boston.

If the ladies will read "Beauty in Dress," by Miss Oakey, they will have no good excuse for not being tastefully attired. * * * What the effect will be upon men, if women are made any more fascinating by the use of this volume than they are now, must be matter of conjecture.—*Hartford Courant.*

A very artistic and full presentation of the principles which govern the fitness of costume. She suggests appropriate styles and colors for different types of complexion and figure; and with the experience in composition and coloring which her studies as an artist have afforded, Miss Oakey's suggestions are of great value and interest. * * * Miss Oakey's book will be found an indispensable friend to every woman who, wishing to look her prettiest, distrusts her own sense of color, and hesitates to experiment with the tints that are subtle to make or mar beauty. Miss Oakey has touched a happy medium between the merely fashionable and the over-decorative and picturesque, blending in her work the refined taste of the elegant woman and the trained feeling for form and color of the artist.—*Portland Press.*

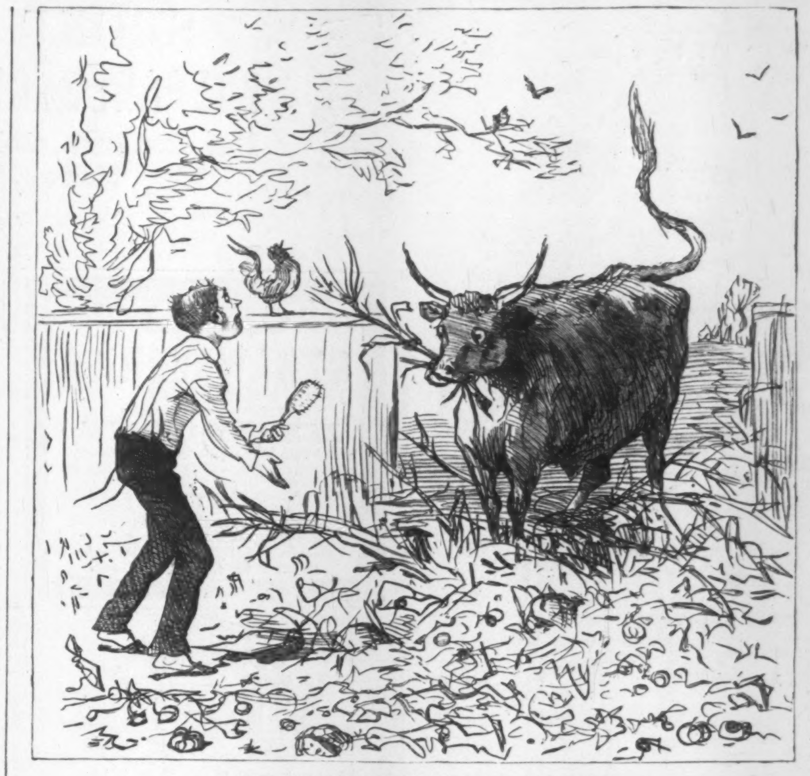
Miss Oakey's book is timely, and deserves a wide circulation. Every page contains some useful hints, and it is a capital text-book from cover to cover.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The book is something that has been for a long time greatly needed, and we predict for it a widespread circulation.—*Baltimore Gazette.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.



LAST OF SMALL'S FIRST GARDEN.

EPPS'S COCOA.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk.

Sold only in soldered tins, ½ and lb., labelled

JAMES EPPS & CO., *Homœopathic Chemists*,
LONDON, ENG.

Also, *Epps's Chocolate Essence* for afternoon use.

NOVELTY CARRIAGE.
IN WILLOW AND WOOD.
AN UMBRELLA PROTECTS FROM SUN OR RAIN.
Beware of Imitations.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR TO
L. P. TIBBALS,
820 Broadway, New York.
Next Block above Stewart's.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c.

CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 43 Mark Lane, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO.

DEAF **PECK'S Patent Invisible EAR DRUMS, A Grand Success.** Send for treatise.
DR. PECK,
853 Broadway, New York.
Also Prop. Dr. Stinson's Catarrh & Asthma Cures.

$72 A WEEK. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

NEW ENGLAND Mutual Life Insurance Company.

Endowment Policies maturing prior to January 1, 1884, will be discounted at a moderate rate of interest upon a proper legal discharge being given, by applying at the Office of the Company in Boston, or at any of its General Agencies.

BENJ. F. STEVENS, President.
JOSEPH M. GIBBENS, Secretary.

MRS. THOMPSON'S Celebrated patent **"WAVE."** The unparalleled success of this charming addition to a lady's toilet, is due to their **convenience, comfort,** and the **decided improved appearance** given to every wearer. They make a thin face appear full—soften the lines that age sometimes creates. They are an absolute **necessity** to ladies whose foreheads are high—whose hair will not remain in crimp. Being made of **Nature's Curly Hair,** they **cannot** get out of wave. They have no **false wig-like** look, so observable in **all** other waves and crimps. Does away with crimping pins, and the danger of ruining the hair. **Price, $6 to $12** (blonde and gray extra). Sent C. O. D. with privilege of exchanging. To be had **only** of **Mrs. C. Thompson, 107 State St., Chicago.** Send for Illustrated Catalogue free. No agents.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, One Year	1 50

HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY: a weekly publication, containing works of Travel, Biography, History, and Fiction, at prices ranging from 10 to 25 cents per number. Full list of *Harper's Franklin Square Library* will be furnished gratuitously on application to HARPER & BROTHERS.

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE, comprising the titles of between three and four thousand volumes, will be sent by mail on receipt of Nine Cents.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

AGENTS WE WANT YOU | EVERYWHERE. $5.00 to $10 per day. Circulars on application.
Page Manufacturing Co.,
Cleveland, O.

$999 a year to Agents and expenses. $6 outfit **free.** Address F. SWAIN & Co., Augusta, Me.

FARM FESTIVALS.

By WILL CARLETON,

AUTHOR OF "FARM BALLADS," "FARM LEGENDS," AND "CENTENNIAL RHYMES."

ILLUSTRATED.

8vo, Illuminated Cloth, $2 00; Gilt Edges, $2 50.

There is in his poetry a fidelity to nature that deserves the highest praise. He does not describe to us his *dramatis personæ*, but he places them before us, and they tell their own story. * * * Mr. Carleton is, in his way, as truly a creator of character as Robert Browning, and we recognize in him not only the genius which creates, but the art which exhibits his creations with a skill that commands our attention. —*N. Y. Times.*

Mr. Carleton's work is honest and faithful and graphic.—*N. Y. Independent.*

His ballads are genuine transcripts of nature, admirable *genre* pictures from life. They exhibit an originality of conception and power of execution which entitle the author to claim rank as a master in this field of poetic literature.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The usual excellences of this writer's works, simplicity and homely strength, are observable in these ballads.—*N. Y. Express.*

They are vivid photographs not only of rural ways, but of the customs common to humanity.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ *Sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

LANDOR. By SIDNEY COLVIN. 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents. The Latest Volume issued in the "English Men of Letters."

II.

Two New Volumes of Rolfe's Shakespeare.

SHAKESPEARE'S THE COMEDY OF ERRORS. Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M. With Engravings. 16mo, Cloth, 60 cents; Paper, 40 cents.

SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY OF CYMBELINE. Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M. With Engravings. 16mo, Cloth, 60 cents; Paper, 40 cents.

III.

TO-DAY IN AMERICA. Studies for the Old World and the New. By JOSEPH HATTON. 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

IV.

THOMAS CARLYLE. By MONCURE D. CONWAY. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

V.

FARM FESTIVALS. By WILL CARLETON, Author of "Farm Ballads," "Farm Legends," and "Centennial Rhymes." With numerous characteristic Illustrations. Uniform with "Farm Ballads" and "Farm Legends." 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, $2 00; Gilt Edges, $2 50.

VI.

BEAUTY IN DRESS. By Miss OAKEY. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

VII.

THE REVISED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. Harper's American Editions. In brevier type. 4to, Paper, 20 cents. 16mo, Cloth, 45 cents; Full Leather, Gilt Edges, 90 cents.

VIII.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND and King Louis XVIII. during the Congress at Vienna. (Hitherto unpublished.) From the Manuscripts preserved in the Archives of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at Paris. With a Preface, Observations, and Notes by M. G. PALLAIN. 4to, Paper, 20 cents. Also, in 12mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

IX.

UNBELIEF IN THE 18TH CENTURY as Contrasted with its Earlier and Later History; being the Cunningham Lectures for 1880. By JOHN CAIRNS, D.D., Principal and Professor of Systematic Theology and Apologetics in the United Presbyterian College, Edinburgh. 4to, Paper, 20 cents. 12mo, Cloth, 60 cents.

X.

HARPER'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN POETRY. Edited by EPES SARGENT. Royal 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, Colored Edges, $4 50.

XI.

HARPER'S EUROPEAN GUIDE-BOOK FOR 1881. Harper's Hand-Book for Travellers in Europe and the East; being a Guide through Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, and Spain. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. With Maps and Plans of Cities. Twentieth Year (1881). In Three Volumes. 12mo, Leather, Pocket-Book Form, $3 00 per volume.

VOL. I.—Great Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland.

VOL. II.—Germany, Austria, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece.

VOL. III.—Switzerland, Tyrol, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Spain.

XII.

HUNTING ADVENTURES ON LAND AND SEA. The Young Nimrods in North America. A Book for Boys. By THOMAS W. KNOX, Author of "The Boy Travellers in the Far East." Copiously Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

XIII.

THE ENGLISH COLONIES IN AMERICA. A Short History of the English Colonies in America. By HENRY CABOT LODGE. 8vo, Half Leather, $3 00.

XIV.

THOMAS CARLYLE. The Man and his Books. Illustrated by Personal Reminiscences, Table-Talk, and Anecdotes of Himself and his Friends. By WILLIAM HOWIE WYLIE. 4to, Paper, 20 cents.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Sydney. By GEORGIANA M. CRAIK. 15 cents.

The Neptune Vase. By VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON. 20 cts.

Ayala's Angel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. 20 cents.

The Beautiful Wretch: a Brighton Story. By WILLIAM BLACK. With 55 Illustrations. 20 cents.

The Story of Helen Troy. By the Author of "Golden-Rod, an Idyl of Mount Desert." 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

! ! ! By GEORGE H. HEPWORTH. $1 00.

An Ocean Free-Lance. By W. CLARK RUSSELL. 20 cts.

A Costly Heritage. By ALICE O'HANLON. 20 cents.

Visited on the Children. By THEO. GIFT. 20 cents.

At the Seaside, and other Stories. By MARY CECIL HAY. 15 cents.

A Child of Nature. By ROBERT BUCHANAN. 15 cents.

My First Offer, and other Stories. By MARY CECIL HAY. 15 cents.

The Chaplain of the Fleet. By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE. 20 cents.

The Miller's Daughter. By ANNE BEALE. 20 cents.

Who was Paul Grayson? By JOHN HABBERTON. Illustrated. $1 00.

Harry Joscelyn. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. 20 cents.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents in stamps.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

HIRES' **IMPROVED ROOT BEER PACKAGE, 25 CTS.** Makes five gallons of a delicious and sparkling beverage,—wholesome and temperate. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. Address, CHAS. E. HIRES, Manufacturer, 48 N. Delaware Av., Philadelphia, Pa.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.